THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 734 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 11

THE CROWN OF PAIN.

BY MR. BACHELOR.

Behold the bird with startled heart and wing
Swoop on the foe its fair brood stealing near!
Love's boldness bids it to its birdlings cling,
And strives to banish their well-founded fear.

To balk the other see it circling sweeps!
Now wheeling o'er, then near enough to smite
The feline fierce, that like a tiger leaps
And grasps its feathered prey in grim delight.

It struggles, shrieks and sadly pleads in vain
To be released. Oh, if we understood
The language of its cries, its keenest pain—
And were its plaints in plainest words they would,

Mayhaps, run thus: "Death's pang nor my sad lot
Gives not most sorrow, but this thought severe:
That I must leave lone, friendless and forgot
My helpless young, of all the world most dear."

So are like this each tender mother's heart
Feels less Death's sting or thought that life is o'er,
Than the keen pangs from having to depart
And leave the dear ones whom she loved and bore.

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORI-STONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

AND so close was that strong embrace that he did not know she sobbed until she presently raised her head, and he saw that tears glittered in her eyes. But there had been a long pause first, for it seemed that, instead of the sesquipedalian sentences in which lovers are supposed to indulge in similar circumstances, they had not a word to say. Certainly Stephen did not wish to break that sweet, charmed, silence. He had held her in his arms, had heard her shyly-murmured response to his fond, passionate words, and knew that she timidly returned his kisses. And so they both stood in the firelight, each feeling that just then silence was more expressive than speech, until Mrs. King followed up a discreet tap at the door by putting in her head with a meek inquiry as to Miss Carroll's tea. They started apart then, and Nelly's face flushed rosy red as she hurriedly began to remove her parcel and hat and cloak from the little round table.

The tea, when it was made, was certainly coarse-flavored, the butter was not like the Bramble Farm butter, and the bread was decidedly husky, but the two who ate and drank it would not have exchanged it for a Lord Mayor's banquet. And the widow, hearing the murmur of their voices, with now and then the ripple of Nelly's laugh, paused in her task of giving her large-small family their bread-and-treacle supper, and thought sadly of her own "courting days," as she called them, and envied Miss Carroll more than ever. It would surely be only a few weeks now, and the little front-parlor would be empty again!

And it chanced that, while Mrs. King was thinking thus in the kitchen, Stephen Keene, in the parlor, was saying something to the same effect. It was growing late—half-past seven o'clock—and Nelly had shyly drawn her lover's attention to the fact; "his sister would be anxious and wonder where he was;" and at this, her first mention of Hester's name, her face clouded over, and Stephen saw it.

"What does that mean?" he asked her quickly.

They were standing side by side before the fire again, his arm drawn fondly about her. Nelly's head dropped swiftly at the question, and she averted her eyes.

"Stephen," she said, faltering a little, "your sister doesn't like me."

"How did you find that out?" he asked in a jesting tone, though he was really sorry she had started that subject.

"It was very plain—it did not want much finding out;" and she shook her head sadly. "There is no reason why she should like me, I know; but I wish she did, a little. Tell me"—and the bashful little hand which had fallen from his neck, crept up to it again, and Nelly's eyes shyly followed it—"does she know anything yet?"

"Not that you are going to make me happy, my darling!"

"No, no—I know. I mean, does she know anthing else?"

"Why, what else is there to know?"—and he looked down at her with a laugh. "I could only tell her what I have told you—that I love you. And she knows that, Nelly."

"Does she?" Nelly drew a deep breath as she looked at him. "What did she say?"

Stephen hesitated, looking down at the beautiful face raised to his, with the eager eyes and parted lips. Certainly she must sooner or later know of Hester's opinions upon the subject, he thought; and it might be as well if she didn't have them coldly forced upon her by Hester herself. So he resolved to tell her now, and judiciously make as light of it as he could. So he told her something of his sister's disapproval, making almost a joke of it, and adding jestingly, that Hester was so full of her own marriage just now, that she did not like the idea of anybody else following her example. If he had meant to keep the cloud from returning to Nelly's face he succeeded, for she half laughed as he concluded, although she soon sighed again.

"And you don't mind, Stephen?" she questioned wistfully. "You are quite sure you don't mind?"

"My darling girl," he answered honestly, "I would a great deal rather, of course, that my sister had been as sensible as she usually is, and had waited until she knew something about you before making up her mind that she doesn't like you, but as she has done it, why, it can't be helped, I suppose."

"No, no," Nelly assented softly, and, in truth, she thought very little of Hester's displeasure. Stephen loved her, and, knowing that, it would be easy for her to bear the dislike of the cold, prim, black-eyed young woman who was so dreadfully unlike him in all ways.

"Is your sister going to be married soon?" she asked presently.

"Very soon—in less than a fortnight."

"Oh, as soon as that?" cried Nelly. She had expected to hear that Hester's marriage was two or three months off at least.

"Yes," Stephen went on, watching her face, "just as soon as that; and then Bramble Farm and I together will go generally to wreck and ruin, I suppose. There is nothing else before us, of course."

But Nelly altogether refused to be led on in this manner, and kept both her eyes and tongue discreetly under control, although the pretty color rose almost to the soft, cloudy fringe, which Stephen thought the most charming style of hair-dressing. So presently he tried again.

"Nelly!"

"Yes."

"How long are Boodle and I to sit and stare at the fire and at each other, all the evening?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

"But I want to know. Let me see—Hester is going away in a fortnight. Don't you think if I have a week's solitude it will be quite enough?"

"No, no—oh, no!" cried Nelly, blushing and fluttering again. "Not so soon as that, Stephen. I couldn't, dear, indeed! It's quite impossible. It would be better to wait a little while—just a month or two. Don't you think so?"

But Stephen did not think so, and said so sturdily. What was there to wait for, and why should they wait? Did she think he was willing to let her work at those Christmas-cards a day longer than he must? he asked her tenderly, even though they were to bring her in that magnificent sum of thirty shillings a week? No; he wanted his little wife to himself, safe at home in Bramble Farm, and that as soon as it could possibly be brought about. A month or two! Why, did she really mean that she wanted him to spend his Christmas in solitude? he concluded.

No, Nelly did not want that; neither, it appeared, did she particularly desire to spend her own Christmas in solitude. In fact, Nelly put forward a variety of excuses which were so exceedingly weak that she probably advanced them for the pleasure of hearing them demolished. That they were all demolished is certain, for when, at last, they parted it was arranged beyond all doubt that Bramble Farm was to have its new mistress one week before Christmas Day. And Stephen, holding his sweetheart in his arms, as they stood in the narrow passage, saying their first lover's farewell, vowed not only to her, but most earnestly to himself, that she would be a happy woman.

As he walked to the station, and afterwards as the train carried him back to Woodlandshire, Stephen reflected on what had passed with something like wonder. It was a strange look which had shone in Nelly's eyes when she heard that fond, whispered assurance—a look which her lover could not translate. There had been wonder in it, and trust and gratitude, but through all and in all there had been that odd, indefinable expression. And then, with a passion which had surprised almost as much as it had delighted him, she had thrown her arms about his neck, whispering with eager, trembling emphasis, that she loved him—oh, dearly, dearly—and that he should never, never be sorry for having loved her!

Sorry! Stephen half laughed to himself at the mere idea of it, and smiled again as he recalled that he had made up his mind to be content with the hope that he might in time win her love. How ridiculous that had been, too! For, now that he knew she loved him, he knew, too, that nothing less than her whole heart could possibly have satisfied him. He could hardly believe it even now, although it was quite impossible to recall her face and voice and doubt it. Nelly and Nelly's love were to him a vast inestimable treasure of which he would never be able to talk, and of which only his life-long devotion could in any way render him worthy.

His thought were so completely absorbed in her that he forgot everything else, and walked to Bramble Farm from the station as one in a dream. Even that strange little incident outside the door of the fancy shop in the Upper Street he had forgotten, too, and did not give a second thought to the fine-looking old man with the white moustache who had seemed to recognise Nelly, and whom his companion had addressed as "my lord." No, Stephen had not one dark thought to trouble him that night—not even Hester's cold and gloomy face, when he entered the sitting-room, had the power to depress him. He meant to tell her, but she prevented that. Hester had taken one glance at her brother's face, and that was enough for her. She rose from her chair, trying to steady herself as she looked at him.

"I see, Stephen," she said; "you need not tell me. We need not speak of it again. You have taken your own way, and I hope you may never be sorry—that is all that I can say."

Hester Keene kept her word rigidly, for when her wedding-day came round and she left her old home she had not once mentioned to her brother the name of his sweetheart.

Another week went by, and then, in a registry office near Redhill Road, Holloway, there was the very quietest of quiet weddings, at which there were present, besides the absolutely necessary witnesses, only the broad-shouldered, sunburnt bridegroom and the slender, fair-faced bride. And then an era of glorified happiness set in at Bramble Farm.

It was an era of happiness so wonderfully blissful and perfect that Stephen, though he was not a fanciful man, was sometimes inclined to think that it was too delightful to last. But he always awoke from such reveries to find beside him the girl who was the embodiment of this glorified transformed existence of his, and, meeting her eyes, hearing her voice, he was fain to believe in its stable reality after all.

Certainly he had very little chance of forgetting his young wife, even had it been possible for him to dismiss her from the under-current of his thoughts, for Nelly, busy as the new mistress of Bramble Farm found it necessary to be—particularly with a set of duties so completely novel to the London-bred girl—always found an abundance of time to bestow upon her husband. She made some queer mistakes at first, and might have taken them seriously to heart but that he always laughed at them and treated them as the best of all possible jokes; but the zeal and devotion with which she applied herself to the mastery of the various mysteries, in which the farm-house keeping involved her, speedily got the better of her ignorance, and rendered her triumphant. And, however much she scorched her pretty face over the kitchen fire, or perplexed herself to the last degree in the dairy or smoke-house, Nelly had always smiles and kisses with which to greet Stephen when he came home, and the brightest, sweetest companionship to give him.

And Bramble Farm, pretty as it always had been, was prettier than ever now, for a hundred quaint, fanciful knick-knacks, which owed their existence to her tasteful fingers, decorated and brightened its old rooms. And presently there stood in a convenient nook in the parlor, a glittering rosewood cottage-piano, upon which Nelly used to play all kinds of simple tunes to her husband in the evening, or sing old-fashioned ballads to him.

When Hester Longcroft heard of the existence of this piano she was furiously indignant, and to herself and to her husband prognosticated all sorts of misfortunes for Bramble Farm, whose mistress—if she could be called a mistress—certainly ought to have plenty to do without wasting her time over piano-playing. But outside her own home Hester said nothing against her sister-in-law; she was too proud for that, just as she was too honest to attempt to disguise her dislike for Nelly. The two did not meet often, and when they did were both chilly and polite enough, for it cannot be said that Nelly, upon her side, ever showed much desire to propitiate her husband's sister. Nothing that she could do or say was wrong in Stephen's eyes; and Nelly, while secure of pleasing him, would have cheerfully made enemies of every one else.

But young Mrs. Keene did not make enemies; instead, she won among her husband's friends a large amount of liking and admiration. And Sir John Grantham, meeting his agent and his wife in the Buttermead High Street one February afternoon, was so struck with Nelly's beauty, and her half-shy way of returning his

good-natured greeting, that he paid her half-a-dozen of the finest old-fashioned compliments that he could think of, and congratulated his agent in a side-whisper so heartily, and was so polite, kind, and cordial altogether, that Stephen was pleased and Nelly delighted. And Sir John, being readily impressed, spoke of the encounter that evening to his daughter.

Isabel had been paying another visit to her aunt in London, and since Hester Keene's marriage had not been to Bramble Farm nor chanced to see the new mistress who reigned there.

She was yawning over the latest novel from Mudie's and finding the evening direfully long, while Sir John sat in his favorite chair opposite to her, with his gouty foot placed carefully upon a cushion. There was hardly a room in the Hall which had not in it one of these especial chairs, and which guests soon became accustomed to leave for Sir John as a matter of course.

They were always very big chairs, with very high broad backs, and such capacious arms that they seemed to swallow up the figure of the plump little Baronet. Sir John, in the delightful half-awake half-asleep state which is produced by an excellent dinner, a good digestion and an undisturbed conscience, had not said a word for more than an hour.

The novel was really very stupid—the lovers, Isabel decided, a most preposterous sentimental pair. The young lady let the volume fall into her lap, and looked across at her sire's rosy contented face with a good deal of impatience in her bright gray eyes.

"Papa," she said sharply.

"My dear," responded Sir John, politely making an effort to wake up.

"I wish you would talk to me. You have not said a word for an hour, and I only came back to you yesterday. It is too bad, I declare!"

"My love," said her father, looking contrite, "it really is because I thought that you would rather read your book. Of course I will talk if you wish, my dear. What shall it be about? Can't you tell me some of your gay doings in London?"

"No," replied the girl, with a wilful shrug of her shoulders. "I hate London! I am always looked after there, and I hate being looked after. All the women seem stupid and the men ridiculous. I never was so bored in my life as I was this last time."

"Perhaps," suggested Sir John, "you missed somebody, my dear."

"Missed somebody?"

Quite contrary to her usual custom, Miss Grantham colored hotly. Sir John saw it and chuckled with satisfaction.

"Ah, I thought that was it. Never mind, he'll soon be home now, you know."

"Who will soon be home?"

"Why, Master Gerard, of course."

"Now, papa!" In a flash Miss Isabel was out of her chair, and, putting her hands upon her father's shoulders, shook him gently. "What did I tell you three or four months ago? I didn't mean Gerard—I wasn't thinking about him, and I wont have him talked about—in that way, at any rate. I said I wouldn't then, and I won't now. So there!"

"But, my dear," Sir John began meekly, "you know it must be talked about sooner or later. Now, don't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," allowed Isabel, half indifferently and half impatiently.

"And then, my dear," went on her father, his spirits evidently a little improved by this small concession, "you must remember that your twenty-first birthday is only about three weeks off, and that then——"

"Well, Gerard will come, and we shall see!" interrupted Isabel, forestalling the end of the sentence. "Now, I won't say another word about it—I really won't! Don't try to make me, for I shall only get cross if you do!"—and with a slight final shake, which perhaps was meant to act as a warning this time, the young lady went back to her chair. "Tell me some good stupid old Buttermead news," she urged him.

"Certainly, my dear." Sir John, with a desperate effort to look wide awake, sat up and rubbed his bald head, evidently feeling very much at sea, as well he might, for news in Buttermead was a rare and precious thing. "Really, my love," he was commencing deprecatingly, when a happy thought struck him. "To be sure," he said, "there is something I wanted to tell you, my dear. What an uncommonly pretty girl Keene's wife is, isn't she?"

"Is she?" Isabel opened her bright eyes with a look of interest. "I have not seen her yet. I must go to Bramble Farm and introduce myself to her. I am glad you think she is nice—Stephen Keene is the dearest old fellow in Buttermead. And she is really pretty—and not very bucolic?"

"Certainly not—no such thing!" said Sir John energetically. "A thoroughly pretty girl—sweetly pretty girl, and as much a lady as you are, my love, to judge by appearances. Not much older than you are either, if any. I never saw a finer pair of eyes—that I can safely say."

"Why, daddy, how enthusiastic you are!" cried Mabel. "A Venus at Bramble Farm! What next shall we hear of, I wonder? I certainly fancied from Hester Longcroft's manner of speaking, that Mrs. Keene would be quite the reverse of charming, though she certainly said nothing against her. I must go and see her to-morrow. Who was she? Wasn't there some delightfully romantic story connected with her, dear?"

To be sure there was; and Sir John, delighted to know that he was pleasing his imperious young tyrant, promptly recapitulated what little he knew of the romance that had had his agent's young wife for a heroine.

"And they fell in love, and got married, and are going to live happy ever after," said Isabel thoughtfully, and with a nod of her handsome head, with its shining coronet of jetty braids. "I suppose it was a regular love-match?"

"Certainly, my love—no doubt of it!" returned the Baronet complacently.

Sir John, although he did not look it, had a fond leaning towards the sentimental side of life, having adored his wife with as romantic a passion as ever was hidden beneath an unlikely exterior. And just now he had contrived to so interest his daughter in the new mistress of Bramble Farm that Isabel kept her word and drove her ponies over the very next afternoon, and, being received with a grace and prettiness which took the young lady a good deal by surprise, she, too, was charmed with Mrs. Keene.

Impetuous in all she said and did, Sir John Grantham's heiress had never been more impetuous in all her life than she was in following up the fancy she took at first sight to Stephen's wife. She had far too good an opinion of her own charms to be jealous of Nelly's beauty, and would probably have been generous enough to have liked her just as well had their social position been equal. As it was, she admired her with the frankest honesty, and to herself wondered not a little that Nelly should be so perfectly happy and contented at Bramble Farm, and as the wife of a man a round dozen of years older than herself.

"It is like being buried alive, I declare!" Isabel sometimes soliloquized. "And she is so fond of her husband, too. Stephen adores her as one may see at a glance, but not more than she adores him, that's very certain."

But Miss Grantham, however much she might inwardly wonder, was still careful to keep all her speculations to herself, and in the meantime drove her ponies over to Bramble Farm about three times a week. The consequence was that by the time the young lady's birthday was a week off there was a very considerable degree of intimacy between the two girls.

"I do so wish you could be with me all the while, and help me!" Isabel said one afternoon—the first detachment of guests was expected at the Hall on the morrow. She had driven over in the pony-carriage as usual, and she and Nelly were talking by the fire in the sitting-room. "I'm sure I wish my birthday were well over, although it sounds ungrateful to Sir John to say it, when he is making such a fuss to please me. But I don't like half the people who are coming, and it is a dreadful thing to play hostess for a crowd. I think I shall tell Mr. Keene that he must positively spare you to help me."

Nelly smiled and shook her head. In her dark-blue serge gown, with its red ribbons at the throat, she certainly looked, in the firelight, quite as pretty as the Baronet's daughter, and no less refined.

"I don't think I should be of any use to you, Miss Grantham. Your friends would frighten me. I have never been used to people like them, you know."

"What nonsense!" cried Isabel, with an imperious arch of her black brows. "You know that if you had to take my place at the Hall to-morrow you would do quite as well as I, if not better. And you would look as well, too!"

"I would rather look what I am," said Nelly, with a laugh.

"And be what you are, too, I suppose?" questioned the other, half incredulously.

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

"You really would—really and truly?"

"I would rather be what I am than any one else in the world," said Nelly. "There is no one I would change with in any one single way—even if I could—now."

"Well, I suppose you mean it," she said rather doubtfully, and glancing as she rose at the fair face opposite to her, to which a flush had risen; "but I must confess it seems odd to me."

"What does?"

"Why," replied Isabel, faltering a little, "that you should be perfectly happy and contented here—that is all. I don't believe you were ever meant to be a farmer's wife, you know; and if your particular farmer were any one but the person he is, I believe I should say that you had thrown yourself away."

Nelly shook her head. It was a slight, little gesture that she made as she looked down at the fire, but it and her expression kept Isabel's tongue quiet for a moment, and softened the glance of her brilliant grey eyes. Then she resumed in a gay tone:

"And you won't come and help me with that dreadful crowd that I shall have to-morrow?"

"Stephen wouldn't spare me;" and she shook her head again. "And even if he would, and were serious, Miss Grantham—even then——"

"Yes? Even then?"

"Even then I would not go. Why, what would your friends say to a farmer's wife, I wonder, if they were asked to treat her as one of themselves?"

"Nothing if they had any sense. I wonder how many of them would know you were a farmer's wife, as you call it, if they were not told."

The door opened, and Stephen Keene came into the fire-lit dusky room. Miss Grantham turned to him.

"Mr. Keene, you are just in time to remind me to go home before it is too late for dinner. You see, Bramble Farm is so comfortable that when I once get here I never want to go away. Sir John says you will both be tired of me if I come so often. Good-bye, Mrs. Keene. Think of me to-morrow and pity me, won't you?"

And with that the young lady walked out of the room, Stephen following her to put her into the pony-carriage, and Nelly walking after him as far as the door. He came to her side as soon as Isabel was seated, and together they watched the ponies turned skilfully out at the white gates.

"How well she drives," Nelly exclaimed admiringly. "Doesn't she?"

"She does everything well, I think," Stephen assented.

"So she does—at least, everything that I have seen her do. And she is so nice, too. I like her very much."

"So she does you, doesn't she?"

"Oh, yes, dear—to all appearance. She is always very kind and nice to me," Nelly answered.

But there was perhaps a shade of indifference in her tone, which seemed to say that if Miss Grantham's liking gratified her, her dislike could yet have been borne with perfect philosophy. She had clasped her hands around her husband's arm, and leant her cheek against it as they still stood in the doorway. It was a fine evening, bright and cold, with hardly wind enough to stir the slightest branch, March though it was.

"Why does she want to be pitied?" asked Stephen presently.

"Oh, because the Hall will be full to-morrow, you know! The first instalment of visitors to keep her birthday are coming."

"I see. And so she wanted you to make one of them, did she?"

"Why, how did you know?" asked Nelly with a little start. "Oh, you must have listened!"

"I didn't listen, but I heard," Stephen said soberly. A cloud seemed to be over him to-night, for he was very grave as he looked down at the fair face resting upon his arm.

It was indeed quite by chance that he had heard those words of Isabel Grantham's, for her high, clear voice had penetrated into the hall where he was most innocently taking off his coat; but they had stung him and made him uncomfortable. That his wife was well fitted to be an ornament to and at ease in a society which would only have embarrassed him he had found out before to-day; but the knowledge that other people thought so hurt him. For might not Nelly herself think so? True, he had also heard her words of repudiation, but the sting was there.

"Then you heard a great deal of nonsense," said Nelly lightly. "Think of me at the Hall!"

"There are many things harder to think of than that, Nelly. I could fancy it easy enough."

The change in the tone of his voice was so marked now that it attracted her attention even as she laughed, and her face became as grave as his own. She turned to put her hands upon his shoulders as she looked up into his face.

"Now, Stephen, what is it? What do you mean?"

"Wouldn't you change, Nelly—not with any one?"

"You know I wouldn't—not with any one for anything."

"Not with Miss Grantham herself—to be mistress of a place like the Hall?"

"Not unless you would first turn into its master." Tears welled up into Nelly's eyes. "Oh, Stephen, you love me; but sometimes I think that you will never, never know how I love you! If you did, you would know what nonsense it is even to joke about its being possible for me to change. You do believe it is true, don't you?"

"It is to be hoped it is." Her earnestness had dispelled his gloom completely, and he laughed as he kissed her. "It is to be hoped you will never tell me any fibs, Nelly. I should run a pretty poor chance if you did."

"Why?" she asked, nestling her head against his arm again.

"Because I would believe them."

"I believe you would," she replied wistfully.

"I know I should."

"And if you found out that they were fibs, what would you do then?"

"Tell you not to do it again, probably." He was treating her questions more as a jest than she was, for her voice was earnest enough. "Come in now, Nelly," he said, "it's too cold for you, and I'm hungry."

They went back to the sitting-room, where Stephen sat down in his usual chair by the fire, while Nelly flitted about, lighting the lamp, drawing down the blinds, and so on, after ringing for the tea-tray to be brought in; for, exemplary as her housekeeping efforts were, she did not think it absolutely necessary to superintend at every turn, as Hester had done—at which the Bramble Farm servants rejoiced, much preferring the rule of the new mistress to that of the old one in this if in no other respect. And, if various little extravagances did take place in the kitchen, which had been impossible under her predecessor, Nelly was none the wiser, and very little poorer probably.

"And so Miss Isabel isn't over-pleased at the prospect of meeting her visitors?" said Stephen to his wife presently, when the meal was half over, and the conversation between them had drifted back to the affairs of the Hall.

"She doesn't seem to be, at any rate," replied Nelly. "She looked worried, too, I thought. And she said that she wished it were over, and the visitors gone. She spoke as though the idea of having to entertain them made her nervous; but that seems rather absurd, doesn't it?"

"Well, yes, rather. Did she say if many were coming?"

"Oh, yes; the Hall will be full! She said that if all came who were invited there would not be one spare room. She gave me a list of their names, but I forget nearly all of them. There is a Viscount—Lord somebody or other—I did not catch the name; and there was Sir John's sister, Lady Prendergast; but she is ill and so cannot come."

Stephen put down his knife and fork and laughed.

"A jolly good thing too, I should say, if the Hall is to be full. I've seen Lady Prendergast. She would make two of Sir John, and her three daughters are pretty nearly as big as she is. They and their attendants would by themselves make a tolerably good houseful. Her ladyship never travels without a companion, a couple of maids, and a great hulking footman, and a page."

Nelly laughed.

"No wonder Miss Isabel said that her illness was a blessing. She isn't very fond of her ladyship, I think; and she added that if somebody else were ill too it would be quite as well."

"Uncommonly kind of her. Who was that?"

"I don't know—nobody, perhaps," and then Nelly fell into a reverie as she gazed at the fire. "Stephen," she said presently, "didn't you tell me that there was some gentleman whom Miss Isabel is going to marry?"

"I said there was some one that Sir John wanted her to marry," he returned, in a tone which seemed to imply that that made all the difference; and Nelly smiled as though she quite understood it.

"Who is it dear? Did you say a cousin?"

"A sort of cousin—a good many times re-

moved though, I think."

"Is he to be at the Hall?" Nelly asked thoughtfully.

"Sure to be! Indeed, I believe they are to be formally engaged now that Miss Isabel is twenty-one—if she consents, that is."

"What is this gentleman's name, Stephen dear?" Nelly asked next. "You haven't told me that."

"His name? Oh, a rare fine one. It is Marlingford."

"Marlingford," repeated Nelly. "Well, 'Isabel Marlingford' will sound very nice. And his other name?"

"Goodness knows," replied Stephen getting up to light his pipe. "It is something fantastical—Gerard, I believe."

"And beautifully aristocratic it sounds," declared Nelly gaily. "Gerard Marlingford! All the same, dear, it strikes me that Miss Isabel will never be Mrs. Marlingford. I don't know why, for she has never said a word about him to me, but I have that fancy."

"It will be a precious bad thing for him if you are right, little woman—that's all I can say."

"Why?" questioned Nelly curiously. It was her custom to kneel on the rug when having these confidential conjugal chats; and now she knelt down by her husband, and laid her folded arms upon his knees. "Why would it be a bad thing?" she repeated.

"Because he is a fine gentleman with nothing in his pocket but what Sir John allows him, and frightfully extravagant into the bargain. I know something about his goings on, for Sir John has employed me more than once to get my gentleman out of scrapes. He has been in some pretty pickles. For my part I hope you are right, my dear, and that Miss Isabel will send him to the right-about, for it is my humble opinion that Mr. Marlingford is a very scamp."

"I'm sure I hope she will, then," said Nelly heartily. "She is too good to throw herself away upon a worthless man; and I think, Stephen, although she is so high-spirited, and talks as though she didn't care, she could, if she found the right person, love him almost as dearly as——"

"Well, as what?"—for she had stopped with a slight blush.

"As dearly as I do you, when you are good," Nelly finished with a laugh, as she sprang to her feet. "I'm always telling you that, because I sometimes think that you don't half believe it."

"You won't tell me that too often, Nelly dear."

"And you can never believe it too much. You will always believe it and remember it, won't you?"

"When?" he asked, looking up at her, for she was standing behind his chair with her arms upon his shoulder.

"When? Oh, if ever we quarrel or you get angry with me! You may—who knows? No"—and her soft fingers touched his lips for a moment—"don't answer me; I don't want you to promise, because I know you will. Now, I'm going to sing to you; and mind, if Hester comes in, you tell her that I've been darning stockings ever since tea-time."

Stephen laughed and promised, and, when his wife's sweet voice rose softly behind him, he did not guess, as he placidly puffed at his pipe, that the tears that had welled up in her eyes a short time before were now overflowing, and dropping fast upon the keys as she played. His only thought was of his love for her, how infinitely precious she was to him, and how far in excess of his deserts was the love she gave him. He would have scouted the idea that any serpent lurked in ambush near his blissful Paradise, for who had so safe an Eden, so pure and spotless an Eve as he?

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS ISABEL GRANTHAM, on reaching the Hall, was for some reason in a very bad humor, the consequence being that she scolded her maid all through the process of dressing, and finally flounced down-stairs with a determination to make Sir John's life a burden to him for the evening.

But Sir John was not in the room when she entered it. His great arm-chair was drawn up to the fire, but he was not in it. But within its sacred arms sat a young man who, as the rustle of Isabel's train caught his ear, sprang to his feet, and with outstretched hands came forward to meet her.

Isabel suddenly turned pale, and then blushed slightly. She held out her hand to him, and the frown which had been lowering over black brows disappeared as if by magic.

"You, to-day!" she cried. "Why, I thought you were fixed in town for a week longer."

"So did I, but, as luck would have it, I managed to get off to-day. A case in which I was retained has been arranged, and so I am at liberty. Won't you say you are glad, or should I have stayed away until the proper date?"

"That is for Sir John to say," Isabel replied demurely.

"Oh, Sir John was very gracious! But you——"

"Of course I am glad Mr. Chalfont."

"It was 'Marcus' when we were saying good-bye to each other at Lady Prendergast's, Isabel."

"But you see we are not saying 'good-bye' now," the girl responded archly. "Besides, that is weeks and weeks ago, you know."

"Does that mean you have changed your mind, Isabel?" He had kissed her hand, looking very much as though he would have liked to venture upon a warmer demonstration, and still held it, but he let it fall as he asked the question, and his face grew pale as he looked at her, anxiously awaiting an answer.

Marcus Chalfont was apparently two or three years under thirty. He had a rather slight, though well-knit figure, and his lack of good looks was fully compensated for by his air of good breeding and refinement. There was nothing especially remarkable about him; he was merely a young man of good family who was trying to make for himself a respectable practice in the law, and who, having no influential friends and only a small fortune, had not hitherto been particularly successful. But, although he was by no means an eligible match for her, it had pleased Sir John Grantham's wilful daughter to fall in love with him, and to make up her mind to marry him, although she had not so far committed herself as to tell him so openly. Indeed, to his eager question she only gave her head a coquettish toss, and answered lightly:

"Changed my mind? I don't think I ever said that I had made it up, did I?"

"If you mean that," he responded bitterly, and looking at her in mingled doubt and anger, "I can only say that I made a mistake in coming down here, and that the sooner I go away the better. If I am only of sufficient value in your eyes to render me worth playing with, I regret that I was not altogether worthless."

"Why, I only flirted a little," said Isabel innocently. "All girls do that."

"Do they? Then I am sorry for the fools they beguile and betray, and for myself as chief of them, for having aspired to Sir John Grantham's heiress. That is enough—I shall be wiser for the future. Good-bye, Miss Grantham; I must beg you to make my apologies to Sir John."

"Why, you are not going?" cried the girl. "What will papa say?"

"I cannot accept your father's hospitality for an hour."

He turned to the door with a face so pale and angry that Isabel was startled, for she had only meant to tease her lover as a salutary little piece of discipline which could not fail to do him good. But for him to take her jesting words in earnest, and go striding off with a tragic air in this fashion, was not at all what she desired. Yet it would serve him right to let him go, she thought for one instant; the next, she sprang after him, and, with her hands on his shoulders, turned him round towards the fire again.

"Really, Marcus, how ridiculous you are!"

"What do you mean?"

"That it would have served you right if I had left you go, and then, like the three-volume-novel people, have sat down to pine until we were reconciled in the last chapter but one. As it is, I don't mean to be half so absurd, although you really are a shocking goose; and I suppose if anybody were to ask you, you would say it was all my fault."

"Was it mine?"

"Of course it was. How could I make up my mind when you know you never asked me to do anything of the kind? You are dreadfully unreasonable really. I am afraid you will make a terribly short-tempered husband."

"Isabel"—his face was as radiant now as it had been gloomy before, and he put his arm about her in an embrace which she made no attempt to resist—"will you marry me or not? Tell me that."

"Now, don't you know very well that I am to marry Gerard Marlingford?"

"Perfectly; but I'm not interested in that aspect of the case. Will you marry me?"

"Well, will you get cross if I flirt, just a little, sometimes, you know?"

"If you reserve the right to flirt a little, I shall reserve the right to get out of temper a little. What next?"

"Well, you must be better tempered."

"I will never get out of temper with you again."

"I wonder whether you will remember that the next time I exasperate you? Then you must always remember that I am really to marry Gerard Marlingford."

"Always."

"And bear in mind that, should you ever so far forget it as to say anything to Sir John about me, he will swear at you dreadfully."

"I will not forget."

"And make up your mind that if I do marry you he will disinherit me."

"Of course he will."

"And that in the end we shall probably have to run away without the romances of post-chaises and Gretna Green."

"I wish we were going to do it to-night."

"And you must also recollect that I am shockingly expensive and extravagant, and that we shall probably have to live in your chambers from January to December."

"My darling, that is the only thing that makes me miserable—the thought that through me you may be dragged into comparative poverty."

"Hush—here comes Sir John! Let me go, and remember that I am to marry Gerard Marlingford. It need not make you miserable, for I should not be disinherited if I ran away with a footman. Yes, yes—I have promised; and I never broke a promise in my life, or made one that I did not mean to keep. But you are not to say a syllable, mind. If you do I shall consider myself at liberty to retract everything I have said. You must pretend that you don't like me, or even admire me."

"No one with eyes in his head could pretend that."

"You must. I think I shall tell Sir John that you are dreadfully in love with Lucy Prendergast. It will make him think you are eccentric, and he rather admires eccentricity, when it doesn't clash with his own notions. It is too bad to deceive him—poor darling!—but I don't want my birthday festivities upset by a thunderstorm, and he is quite a tornado when he loses his temper. Here he is"—as Sir John, amiably unconscious, came trotting into the room. "What a dreadfully long time you have been, papa dear! Mr. Chalfont and I have been boring one another almost to death."

Miss Isabel could act the hypocrite when she chose, and her voice and face as she thus addressed her parent were most charmingly innocent and artless. And Sir John, who had never pried or spied in his life, was delightfully unsuspicious, being most cordial to his guest during dinner, and unknowingly considerate afterwards, for no sooner was he seated in his favorite arm-chair in the drawing-room than he fell asleep, and slept for exactly two hours and twenty-five minutes by the infallible gold repeater which ticked away in his watch-pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MYSTERIES OF VOLAPUK were explained by an address delivered in New York this week by a well-known scientist, who is preparing a handbook of the language. The latter is not making so much headway here as in Europe, where ten periodicals and seventy or eighty societies are devoted to it, and it is estimated that it has some 100,000 students. The language is the invention of a German priest, who first began writing upon it in 1881. His idea was to compound from the simple and regular parts of the more important modern languages an artificial language that could be easily learned by the people of any nationality, and that should be to the modern business world what Latin was to the scholastic world a century or two ago. To do this he took for his framework the five common vowel sounds, added the dotted "a," "o," and "u," and the common consonant sounds, omitting those from each language which persons born to another tongue cannot pronounce. For the vocabulary he took about 40 per cent. of the root words from English and the rest from modern European tongues. The same root word is never used to mean two different things. The declensions are managed by the addition of vowels to the roots, the plurals are formed by the addition of "s" in the English method and the rules are absolutely without exception, so that learning the Volapuk grammar is a matter of a week. Its friends do not pretend that Volapuk has any beauty that fits it for imaginative or poetic writing, but that for commercial correspondence it is as valuable as the terminology of chemistry or the algebraic formulæ are in those sciences.

Bric-a-Brac.

FROZEN MILK.—The people of Siberia buy their milk frozen, and for convenience it is allowed to freeze about a stick, which is used as a handle to carry it by. The milk man leaves one chunk or two chunks, as the case may be, at the house of his customers.

THE NEW BABY.—In many parts of both England and Scotland at the present time, a new baby is presented with an egg, which represents both meat and drink; salt, which savors every thing; bread, the staff of life; matches to light it through the world; and a coin, that it may never want money.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—In the Islands of New Britain, in the Pacific, a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to this relative, but she must be avoided; and if by chance the lady is met, the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if the rule is broken. One of the English missionaries tried to get the natives' ideas of an oath, and he found the most solemn asseveration among them was: "If I am not telling the truth I hope I may touch the hand of my mother-in-law."

OLD NAMES OF BOOKS.—Talk about the outlandish names to modern novels, etc. They are classically appropriate compared to some they had two hundred years ago. For instance, how would you like to read some books with titles like these: "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Convent;" "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" "The Snuffers of Divine Love;" "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion;" "Praise God Bare Bones' Berating of Unbelievers."

THE MANUAL.—With us a Manual is a little book appropriate to be taken in the hand. The Greeks called such a book an Enchiridion. In one sense this was the small sword, which the soldiers wore constantly at their sides for personal defence against any sudden assault. Applied to a book, it signified a little treatise always at hand, comprehending arguments for occasional defence and constant security. The Enchiridion of Epictetus was a compendium of his philosophy, in a pocket volume, as a pocket Companion, no less convenient to refute the gain-sayers, than a pocket pistol to repel a thief or assassin, or than a pocket cordial to exhilarate the spirits upon any occasional depression.

HER RIGHT MIND.—An elderly married woman in Byfield, Mass., recently presented a check for $600 to the soliciting committee of a local church, which was in need of repairs. Soon afterwards her husband and son called on the pastor, and declared that she had not been in her right mind for a long time, and didn't know what she was doing when she yielded to the undue influence brought to bear upon her. Though the minister believed her sane, he sent back the money. The husband recently sold a tract of land. The deed was duly drawn, signed and sealed by the grantor, who passed it to his wife to sign for the relinquishment of dower, but to his astonishment she remarked: "No, I am not in my right mind, you know, and my act would be void." The old gentleman has the land still on his hands instead of the money in his pocket.

THE STORY OF ZACCHÆUS.—It is said that the great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, of London, is in the habit of testing the abilities of the more promising of the students of his college by obliging them to go into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands containing the text of their address. On one of these occasions a student, on opening the paper, found this subject set: "Apply the story of Zacchæus to your own qualifications and call." And he delivered himself in the following way: "My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacchæus' and my own qualifications. Well, the first thing that we read about Zacchæus was that he was small of stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he climbed up into a tree, which is very much my position now. Thirdly, we read that Zacchæus 'made haste to come down', in which I joyfully follow his example."

YOUNG FEATHERLY had been imparting some information to Mrs. De Tower which interested that lady very much. "I'm quite surprised, Mr. Featherly," she said, "to hear of this. It only shows that—that——" "One is never too old to learn?" prompted Featherly gallantly.

THE SILENT MINISTRY.

BY M. S. C.

There is a silent ministry
  That knows no rite of book or bell;
That eyes divine alone can see,
  And Heaven's own language only tell.

It has no altars and no fane,
  Its worship rises up to Him,
Who hears those accents faint and low,
  Through the loud praise of cherubim.

The dauntless heart, the patient soul,
  That faces life's severest stress
With smiling front and stern control,
  Intent its suffering kin to bless;

The meek, who gather every hour
  From brier and thorn and wayside tree
Their largest meed of fruit or flower,
  The harvest of humility.

The tempered will that bows to God,
  And knows Him good though tempests lower,
That owns the judgments of His rod
  Are but the bidings of His power;

That sees the sun behind the cloud,
  Intent to labor, pray, and wait;
Whatever winds blow low or loud,
  Sure of the harbor, soon or late;

Like the small blossoms by the way,
  Enduring cold, enjoying the sun,
In rain, or snow, or sprinkling spray,
  Cheerful till all their life is done.

Dear, homely ministers of love,
  Used and forgot, like light and air,
Ah, when we reach that life above
  They will be stately seraphs there!

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

SOME minutes elapsed before the servant returned, but during the interval neither of the two men spoke. Doctor Price was thoughtful, and when he glanced at Sir Hugh's face the conversation, and both were silent until the servant returned. She looked grave and puzzled and surprised as she addressed Doctor Price.

"My mistress will see you, sir," she said quietly. "But she desires me to say that she is at a loss to know what business any friend of yours can have with her, and she wishes very much to know the gentleman's name."

Sir Hugh took out his card-case and gave her one of his cards.

"Tell your mistress," he said quietly, "that the business I have with her is of the greatest importance, and that I must request her to admit me."

She went away again, then returned with the puzzled bewilderment deepened on her face.

"Will you come this way, sir?" she said, addressing Doctor Price. "You also, sir, if you please."

They followed her across the hall, through the door by which she had previously made her exit, and which they found led into a long passage; leading the way down this passage, she went on to its very end, paused at a door there, and, knocking lightly, awaited a permission to enter.

It was promptly given; she opened the door, drew back for the two gentlemen to enter, then, when they had done so, closed the door quietly, and went and sat down on a seat in the passage, where she was within call.

The room in which Sir Hugh Danecourt and Doctor Price found themselves was different from anything they had expected; it was evidently a man's room, a kind of study or office, furnished plainly and soberly, the only really luxurious seat in it being a large green velvet arm-chair by the hearth.

There was a bookcase full of books, chiefly yellow-backed novels, and works on horses or dogs; some engravings of horses upon the walls, a writing-table in the centre of the room, and at the upper end by the window, with the last rays of the setting sun falling upon her, where she stood, was a tall woman in sombre black garments, who held in her right hand Sir Hugh's card, which she was contemplating.

But, strange as her figure looked in the plain, almost bare room, two other objects it contained looked even stranger; over the mantel-piece and on the wall panel, exactly facing it, were two pictures of large size, covered with heavy black velvet curtains closely drawn; they looked sombre, incongruous, out of place in the little room.

All these things Doctor Price's quick, keen glance round the room showed him; it was not the first time he had been within its walls.

He had had several interviews there with Mr. Bevan, who, it having been the private room of the master of the house, had generally used it on his flying visits to the Glen House for his business interviews.

It was a trifle more orderly, perhaps, now that there was no litter of papers on the writing-table, and those velvet-shadowed pictures had not been there previously; but the arm-chair on the hearth was an old friend, and the pipes on the mantel-shelf, and the spirit-stand on the side-table, and other evidences of its masculine occupant remain undisturbed.

But Sir Hugh saw none of these things; as he entered the room, the first object on which his eyes had rested was the black-robed figure by the window; he was looking at her still in undisguised interest and intentness, of which she, standing with her eyes fixed upon the card she held, was unconscious.

It was strange that, standing as she was in the full radiance of the setting sun, the black figure could have such an air of desolation, but it seemed indeed as if the glowing red light which touched it so gently, only added to that strangely mournful appearance which struck both men, and which even aroused in Sir Hugh's heart a reluctant pity for her whom he deemed so cruel and treacherous.

Perhaps the knowledge that she lived, as it were, completely alone in the great, empty house which was only peopled by sad and, it might be, terrible memories, added to the exceeding desolateness of her appearance as she stood in the fast fading light.

A woman, young still, and even now to a certain degree beautiful, it was almost impossible but that she should arouse something like pity and compassion when one remembered the life she led, the singular solitariness of her position, and of the strange fascination for her when she voluntarily immured herself within its sombre precincts; and stranger to her as he was, he felt and knew that a great and terrible change had taken place in her during the time which had elapsed since Henry Beaumont died.

She stood erect and rigid, the long, lustreless, black garments fell around her in straight, clinging folds, showing the extreme attenuation of her figure; her face was white as marble, so colorless that her lips were only slightly defined by a very faint line, her eyes were sunken and hollow, her hair, of a strangely fair, flaxen hue, very straight and thick, was dragged—almost roughly as it seemed—from her face, and fastened up tightly, as if to rid its owner of the trouble and weight of its luxuriance; there was evidently no care for her appearance, but even this neglect, and her sombre attire, could not deprive her of that unalienable beauty of form and feature which she possessed.

Yes, thin, haggard, prematurely aged though she was, she was even now beautiful, and both men acknowledged her beauty, as lifting her eyes she looked at them in silent inquiry, facing them calmly in the stillness of the sunlit room.

CHAPTER XL.

IT was Hester Brand who first broke the silence which reigned in the little room. Without moving a step towards the two men, without offering them the smallest greeting, even an inclination of her head, she addressed them, speaking in a low, dull, monotonous, expressionless voice, which seemed to harmonize with the immobility of her face.

"What is your business here?" she said calmly.

The question so directly put was somewhat embarrassing; the two men hesitated for a few moments before replying.

"I am at a loss to discover it without your assistance," she continued in the same calm, still manner. "But, as you said that it was important, I consented to see you. May I request that you will be as brief as possible—not that my time is valuable," she added, with something like a sneer in her quiet voice, "but because I wish to be relieved of your presence."

The sneering contempt of her tone, the steady expressionless stare of her eyes were strange to hear and see. The pity for her which Sir Hugh had felt was fading rapidly under their influence, as he answered her abruptly.

"That our business is of the highest importance in our eyes is certain," he said haughtily. "Whether it will be so in yours or not I do not know. Probably to Miss Brand a ruined life more or less is of small moment, but to me it is of the greatest."

She turned her eyes slowly upon him; some expression was creeping slowly into them now, an expression of doubt and of inquiry.

"Who are you, sir?" she asked coldly. "Your name, which I have here, tells me nothing. I do not think I ever heard it before."

"Probably not," he answered, regaining his calmness by a strong effort. "Who I am matters little. I came here this morning to ask for a tardy act of justice which I believe—nay, I know—that you have it in your power to perform."

"An act of justice," she repeated. "You speak in enigmas, sir."

"I will give you the answer to the enigma, then," he replied quickly. "I have come here as Cecil Beaumont's friend, and——"

How her face changed! The alteration in it silenced Sir Hugh, such a concentration of scorn, of hatred darkened it and flashed in her great eyes, as it seemed impossible any woman could have felt.

Seeing it, Sir Hugh felt that any harm the woman before him could do to Cecil she would do, that nothing would induce her to undo whatever wrong she had done to her, and that if she could she would even deepen the injury.

"A most sweet lady to champion," she said with intense scorn; "I congratulate you, Sir Hugh Danecourt! Are you another of her victims?"

"She is yours," he said sternly; "your jealousy of her has ruined her life and broken her heart. The stain you have cast upon her shall be removed, and——"

"Ruined her life!—broken her heart!" she repeated with a strange smile of triumph bitter and acrid to the last degree. "There is music in those words to my ears, since it was she who ruined mine!"

"What wrong did she do you?" he asked indignantly. "It is true that she won the love you craved; but since he did not love you—since he never would have loved you—where was the wrong?"

"But for her he would have loved me," she answered steadily. "She stole him from me, then she made him miserable, and——"

"They would have been happy together but for you," Sir Hugh replied bitterly. "It was a strange way to show your love for the man whose mother had been kind to you, by rendering his married life a misery."

"You seem well acquainted with my affairs, Sir Hugh Danecourt. Is your informant the wretch who——"

Sir Hugh's upraised hand, making an imperative gesture of silence, stopped the angry words.

"You are not worthy to speak of her," he said; "her pure name should not be spoken by the lips of the woman who committed a crime, and left her, innocent as she was, to bear the penalty of that crime!"

She laughed, a low, mocking laugh which sounded strangely, coming as it did from her white lips.

Sir Hugh looked at her with merciless contempt; every spark of the pity which her loneliness and her womanhood had roused in him died out now as he heard that low, mocking laugh.

"But she shall bear the penalty no longer," he said coldly and sternly. "She is no longer alone and at your mercy now. She has friends, powerful friends, who will sift the truth, and will show the world by whom the cup was mixed which gave Henry Beaumont his death."

Again her face changed indescribably; in a moment the hatred seemed to fade from it, a spasm of intense agony contracted her features.

She tried to speak, but could not; she lifted her hand to her throat with a nervous gesture, as if something had caught her there.

"At whose door the guilt of his death lies you know but too well," Sir Hugh went on relentlessly. "You, the woman who owed much to his mother's kindness and much to himself, who lived under his roof, who sat at his table, who touched his hand in friendship, you know whose hand laid him low, and brought his life, which, but for you, might have been a happy one, to an untimely end."

Again she endeavored to speak, but no words came. She stood still, the long, thin fingers of her left hand clutching her throat.

"It was a strange way to show your love," Sir Hugh continued bitterly. "If Henry Beaumont could have chosen, surely he would have preferred hatred to such love as yours."

"You are mad!" she cried out suddenly, in a hoarse, harsh voice. "The sin was hers, his death lies at her door! But for her he would be living now. No punishment could have been too great for her. Had I had my will, she would have been branded as I have branded her here."

She sprang forward, and with a sudden, fierce movement, she dashed aside the velvet curtain shrouding the picture facing that over the mantel-piece. Involuntarily a cry of surprise broke from Sir Hugh. It was the picture of a woman, young and slight, in the glory of the shimmering satin and lace of her wedding gown, with golden hair coiled about a queenly little head, and sweet, dark gray eyes, wistfully smiling under their long, black lashes. The eyes, the fair brow and golden head were untouched, but some cruel hand had scarred the face with cuts, blotting out its loveliness, and rendering it recognizable only by the eyes.

"You see her!" Hester Brand said wildly, striking her hand against the canvas. "She herself would have had no other mercy at my hands than that." Pointing to the scarred face she laughed again. "And she has suffered, you say! Ah, tell me of those sufferings! No other words could be so sweet or so acceptable as those telling me of her agony! She lives, does not she? I would not have her die—death would be too merciful a fate for her! I would not hunt her to the grave, since in the grave is rest! Let her live to suffer as I have suffered, as I suffer"—her voice almost rose to a shriek—"as I suffer now!"

She staggered back, still holding the heavy folds of the velvet curtain in her hand, and fell against the wall beside the picture; her face was livid, full of hatred, a rage and scorn terrible to see.

"Tell me again that she has suffered—tell it me!" she whispered hoarsely. "Has she lost her beauty? Has her health failed her? Is she miserable, shunned, lonely, broken-hearted? Do people point at her in scorn? Do they shrink as she passes? Do women draw their skirts from her touch to escape its pollution? Do men look at her in disdain, and wonder at the blindness of the jury who acquitted her? Tell me it is so, and I will give you such thanks as no good thing you have ever done has won for you!"

"Those whom we have most cruelly injured we hate and despise the most," Sir Hugh said sternly, looking at her with contempt and intense repugnance. "No words can tell the greatness of the wrong you have done her: the wrong which I will avenge with every faculty that Heaven has given me. It is no weak, suffering woman, crazed with her wrongs, that you have to deal with now; it is a man who loves that woman with all his heart and strength, and will devote his life and his fortune to her service!"

"She has won love again then?" she murmured, turning her eyes slowly from the picture to his face, her fingers relaxing their grasp of the velvet.

"She has won love which will spare nothing to win peace for her," Sir Hugh said very sternly. "Her innocence shall be proved to the world—her innocence and your guilt!"

Her hand dropped from the velvet curtain to her side, she stood leaning heavily against the wall with her eyes upon his face.

"It was you who killed him," he went on; "you who cut short his life by a cruel death; you who had received, as I believe, nothing but benefits from him and his! True, you did not mean the poison for him, but you meant it for the wife he loved, whom you hated! That was as great a sin! Did you never think that, since strangely as he showed it, he loved her, he would have suffered more cruelly from her death than she would have suffered in dying?"

"I hated her!" she muttered sullenly, and although her eyes were fixed upon his face it seemed as if they did not see him; there was a look in them as if one looking into the past, a past full of horror and misery and sin.

"Aye, you hated her," he repeated bitterly, "and you made her suffer, poor soul, as I hope it is the lot of few women to suffer; but her suffering is over now, and your punishment should——"

"Her suffering is over no!" she repeated after him breathlessly. "Do you mean that she is dead?"

He bowed his head in silence; the strange, mad eagerness seemed to die out of her face; a look of bitterest envy darkened it; her head sank forward upon her breast.

"Even death loved her best," she said, in a low, bitter tone. "Even death loved her best!"

There was intense pathos in the words, even when spoken by this most sinful woman. A faint feeling of pity for her stole into the hearts of both men; even Sir Hugh's stern face softened a little.

A long silence followed, a silence as heavy and oppressive as that which reigns where the dead are. Hester Brand stood motionless, leaning heavily against the wall, with her head sunk upon her breast, her arms hanging helplessly at her sides, the long, sombre folds of her gown acquiring a yet more sombre appearance from the shadow in which she stood. The last rays of the setting sun had died out of the room in which the shades of evening were gathering; from the scarred picture on the wall Cecil's sweet, smiling, wistful eyes looked down upon the strange scene; Sir Hugh, looking upward at the lovely face, thought they smiled upon him, trying to console him for the misery of the past.

The room was darker, perceptibly darker, when Hester Brand raised her head and looked steadily at Sir Hugh.

"Had she lived you would have made her your wife?" she asked coldly.

"Yes."

"Even had her name not been cleared—even had this stain remained upon her?"

"Even then."

"Yet your name, I suppose, is an honorable one, and you would not willingly disgrace it?" she continued in a musing tone.

"The word disgrace is far removed from her," Sir Hugh said proudly. "She would have done honor to my name by bearing it!"

"You think so because you loved her," she rejoined bitterly. "The world would not have thought so, I think. But perhaps you loved her so well that you have welcomed disgrace if she brought it you, and have wedded her in spite of all?"

"In spite of all," he answered steadily. "Had none but myself in all the world believed in her innocence, I should have gladly shown my faith in her, had she allowed it."

"She would have allowed it, had she lived," Hester returned with a little sneer.

"She would not! She refused me because she would not bring shame upon my name; she left me more for that reason."

A little mocking laugh broke from her white lips.

"She said so. Perhaps you were not rich enough!—perhaps a baronet would not have sufficed for her ambition now! She was rich enough to purchase a higher title and loftier rank! Are you sure that she is dead? She left you, you say; might it not be for some other suitor whose rank was ——"

"Silence!" he said sternly. "Have you not harmed her enough? Let her rest now; and remember that her pure, sweet soul, and the tender heart which you broke, are crying to Heaven for vengeance upon your head!"

She smiled a bitter, mocking smile.

"Her pure, sweet soul, her tender, broken heart, shall be satisfied," she said coldly. "Why should I keep silence now, since my silence can harm no longer? Yes, I am guilty of the crime of which she was accused! Mine is the hand—oh, most miserable hand!—which gave him I loved best on earth his death. It was not meant for him, as you say, and—and he knows——"

Her voice, which had grown very low, failed her completely now: she sank upon her knees, a livid hue, like that of death itself, covering her face.

Doctor Price sprang to her side, but she waved him aside, and as she did so he saw a small hand-bell on the table, which he rang hastily.

Almost immediately the servant who had admitted them entered, and seeing her mistress's condition, ran to her side and put her arms around her.

A gleam of recognition crept into Hester

Brand's eyes as they rested on the woman's anxious, hard-featured face; her white lips moved, but no sound came from them, and it was only after two or three attempts that she managed to utter the words—

"Help me up!—help me up!"

It was pitiful, even to the two men who condemned her, to see her weakness as she endeavored with the servant's assistance to rise to her feet; it was yet more pitiful to see the effort with which she conquered this weakness and stood erect at last, a tall, gaunt, black figure in the waning light.

"Leave me now," she said hoarsely and imperatively, raising one thin hand and pointing to the door. "You shall have what you want, Sir Hugh Danecourt! I have now no reason for keeping silence. To-morrow morning when you return you shall find my confession ready, and you may make what use of it you will. But go now!"

There was no resisting her tone and manner; reluctant as Sir Hugh was to leave the Glen House without the proofs he had longed for; anxious as Doctor Price was, all his professional instincts being aroused, to render some assistance to the wretched woman whose mad love and jealousy had wrecked her own life and Cecil's, they did not linger but turned away in silence and left the room.

Doctor Price would have been less anxious if he could have seen how tenderly her attendant supported Hester Brand to the arm-chair by the hearth, and laid the heavy head on her breast, and held water to the pallid lips, and with what sorrowful tears she left her a little later, lying back upon her cushions looking upwards with fixed gaze at the portrait of Henry Beaumont, which hung over the mantel-piece, and which looked down at her smilingly without a touch of reproach in its dark eyes, and more kindly than the original had ever perhaps looked at her during his life.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE next morning early, before the sun was at its hottest, in the soft freshness of the early summer morning, Sir Hugh Danecourt and Doctor Price rode once more over the hills together.

But few words passed between them as they went, for both were anxious and preoccupied, and Sir Hugh especially was haunted by the fear that perhaps, after all, Hester Brand would play him false.

Fool that he was to have trusted her so fully, he thought, to believe that she would make the confession of her guilt and clear Cecil's name; she who hated Cecil with so bitter a hatred, who had injured her to the top of her bent, who had gloried in the suffering she had caused her.

Was it likely that she would bear the penalty of her crime now, just because he and Doctor Price knew of her guilt? However sad and lonely and desolate life was, the most miserable and the most guilty cling to it as tenaciously as the most happy and the most innocent, nay, more so, perhaps.

Was it to be expected that Hester Brand should willingly relinquish, if not it might be her life, at least her liberty?

He had no proof of her guilt, he knew that only too well. If there had been little proof against his poor Cecil, there was less against the woman who was really guilty of Henry Beaumont's death.

If the inquiry was re-opened they would probably gain nothing by it save renewed distress and trouble.

Hugh Danecourt's face was very grave and sorrowful, and his eyes were full of wistful yearning as he looked upward at the blue vault of heaven stretching, cloudless and serene, above his head.

Was his darling there, he wondered? Would she forgive him for his harshness to this woman, who, if guilty, was at least lonely and sick and miserable? Even though that harshness was for her sake, to prove her innocence of the crime for which she had suffered might she not, sweet, gentle soul, resent it in her pure and sinless home, and blame him for his cruelty to this most unhappy creature, whose own hand had mixed the death draught for the man whom she loved so madly, so hopelessly, so fatally?

Glancing at Sir Hugh's face as they rode swiftly through the pure, fresh, mountain air, Doctor Price partly guessed the thoughts which brought the sad gravity there, the gravity in which was so large a share of perplexity.

He himself was by no means happy in this amateur detectiveship, which they had both resumed, still he felt that the end justified the means, and that even if Cecil Beaumont had died with the stain upon her, it was but justice that now that stain should be removed from her memory, late though it was.

He had been all long strongly imbued with a sense of Hester Brand's guilt, against which he had striven in vain, telling himself that her love for her friend and master was so great that she would have died rather than hurt a hair of his head.

It had been difficult to explain or to understand, and had Sir Hugh been in a condition to explain what had really occurred at breakfast on that gloomy November morning she would not have been accused of the crime, and would have been spared an immensity of suffering.

The Glen House wore its usual air of desolation as they drew near and turned in at the iron gates.

Even the fair morning sunshine, and the twittering of the birds among the trees failed to remove its sadness and loneliness, and when Doctor Price rang the bell its echoes rang loudly through the silence with a weird, strange sound.

They had left their horses at the gates in the care of Doctor Price's groom, and when the door was opened by the same woman who had admitted them on the previous evening they entered without permission, and without hindrance on her part.

"I have not seen my mistress this morning, sir," she said, addressing Doctor Price. "She desired me not to disturb her until you came. She expected you."

"Yes; we shall be glad to see her at once," Doctor Price replied quietly, although his heart, a well-regulated organ usually, was beating fast and furiously, and his lips were quivering a little, while Sir Hugh's face was absolutely colorless, and speech would have been impossible to him just then.

His poor, pretty Cecil would be cleared now, he thought, as they followed the servant down the long corridor, which led to the room where Miss Brand had received them on the previous evening. Ah, how sad it seemed that—

"As if by some strange imperfection of fate,
The good gift when it comes, comes a moment too late."

This gift to Cecil had come too late to give her happiness, he thought bitterly; but perhaps if, where she had gone, she knew what was passing here, she would be glad that in the days to come her name should be mentioned without obloquy.

The day was warm, with the soft, genial warmth of the season—a fair, bright season in the hills—but a chill seemed to strike Hugh Danecourt as they passed out of the sunshine which was filling the old hall into the gloom of that long passage.

He even shivered as they stopped at the door at its end, and waited in silence for the answer to the servant's knock.

No answer came, but with a glance at them, and repeating the words—

"She expects you," the woman opened the door and stood aside to let them enter the room.

The curtains of the window were pushed back, the blinds were drawn to their highest limits, and the golden sunshine was pouring into the room, filling it with light and warmth; yet, as they crossed the threshold, both men shivered as if with cold.

Sir Hugh's first glance was at the portrait over the mantel-piece, from which the curtain was drawn aside, disclosing the dark, regular beauty of the pictured face, which Sir Hugh saw now for the first time, and on which his eyes lingered with sadness and admiration, while Doctor Price went hastily forward into the room.

An exclamation, followed by instant stillness, startled Sir Hugh, and made him turn from the picture with a hurried movement; he made a step or two forward, then stood still, the color fading from his lips, his hand closing with a strong, nervous pressure upon the back of a chair near him.

One glance at the quiet figure of the woman who had given them rendezvous for that morning, sufficed to tell him what had happened: one glance showed him that she was dead.

She was reclining in the great arm-chair which had been Henry Beaumont's favorite seat, her head lying back upon the sombre velvet of the chair, which seemed to throw up the delicate contour of her face and the fairness of her luxuriant hair. Her eyes were closed, her hands were clasped on either arm of her chair, her hair was falling about her in loose, heavy waves, which gleamed against the heavy folds of her black gown; there was a faint, sweet smile on her face, which seemed to have regained all its lost beauty, and which, in its colorless immobility, looked as if it had been carved in white marble. Beside her, on the table, a folded letter lay, with its superscription uppermost; it was addressed to Sir Hugh Danecourt, but for the moment he could think of nothing save the upturned dead face, with its wondrous beauty, outlined against the dark-hued velvet upon which it rested.

In profound silence the two men looked at each other across that still and motionless form; then involuntarily Sir Hugh put out his hand and caught at the tall mantle-shelf as if for support; his eyes had grown suddenly dim, his forehead was damp with cold moisture, his lips were dry and parched, his breath was coming in quick gasps. There was something awful in this lonely death—all the more awful to him because, perhaps, Cecil's had been as lonely.

Perhaps the intense silence which had followed their entrance into the room told the waiting-woman without that something was wrong, for she appeared at the door, and at sight of the motionless form lying back in the great arm-chair, she uttered a hoarse, low cry, and, running forward and falling on her knees beside the chair, encircled her mistress with both her arms, looking up at Doctor Price with wild, questioning eyes.

His face answered the question she asked so silently, and with another low, inarticulate cry, she dropped her head on her breast and broke into low, pitiful weeping, fondling the ice-cold hands so indifferent to her touch, and pressing the impassive form to her faithful heart.

Wicked, guilty, sin-stained though Hester Brand was, she left one true and steadfast friend to mourn her as she lay dead in the lonely home among the Welsh hills.

In silence Doctor Price put his hand on Hugh Danecourt's arm and led him, passive and unresisting, from the room, down the long corridor into the sunlit hall; the young man made no resistance, he felt faint and bewildered, and dropping into the chair which the surgeon pushed towards him, he remained there silent and motionless while Doctor Price returned to the room which they had just quitted.

The servant was still upon her knees by the impassive figure; the heavy waves of the dead woman's loosened hair streamed over them both in its beautiful luxuriance, but the heavy sobs had ceased, and the woman's eyes as she turned them on the doctor's face had lost all their wild horror and were calm and sad only.

"She told me that she would die so," she said quietly, as she rose to her feet and laid the stiffened figure back against the cushions, smoothing the loosened hair, with tender, unsteady fingers. "She told me to be prepared, and that when the end came I should be glad, because she would be at rest: and I am glad."

"She is at rest," the doctor said gravely. "Are you alone here with her? Is there no one else about the house?"

"No one," the servant answered quietly. "We were always alone, she and I. I was not afraid, although she told me that it might come any moment. It was her heart, the doctor in London said, and that if she fainted she would die. She had suffered so much—so much!"

"No doubt," answered the surgeon sadly, as his eyes rested on the exquisite face shadowed by the masses of falling hair. "There is much to be done now, you know. I will send my groom for assistance. Meanwhile you remain with her here."

"I will not leave her," she answered quietly, and bent over the chair, touching the motionless form with kindly tender hands as Doctor Price turned away, and taking the sealed letter from the table, left the room and returned to the hall, where Sir Hugh awaited him.

CHAPTER XLII.

ALONE upon the hillside, under the clear blue sky, with the purple heather blooming around him, and the fresh pure air upon his face, Hugh Danecourt broke the seal of the letter which Hester Brand had written to him in the solitude of her last night upon earth, the confession which cleared Cecil Beaumont's name from the stain which had darkened it.

He had left the Glen House heartsick and weary, feeling as if he could not breathe freely within its precincts, and, letter in hand, had hurried out of the grounds on to the hillside, where he threw himself down among the heather with a long sigh of relief, and covered his face with his hands in a sense of confusion and bewilderment, not unnatural under the circumstances.

Life had assumed a startling color to Hugh Danecourt during the last few months; until that time it had been pleasant, easy, full of the pleasures of healthy manhood, with few anxieties, and nothing eventful above the commonplace; but since he had known Cecil, since that spring day when his wondering eyes had rested on her sleeping loveliness, in the shaded drawing-room at the Gate House all had been changed to him.

First there had come the fever and unrest of love; of love which he dared not believe was requited love; which was timid, eager, passionate, absorbing; which had been followed by the bliss of mutual love, by the happiness—intense enough to be mixed with pain—of knowing that Cecil returned his passion with equal ardor. And then, breaking in upon this blissful dream, had come the terrible revelation of which it had broken Cecil's heart to make and his to bear. And then he had lost her. In his inmost heart Hugh Danecourt knew that no pang life could hold for him could have the sharpness and bitterness of that one with which he had read her farewell words, the words which—as he told himself with a faint, sad smile—had broken his heart.

Then had come those miserable days in London and his illness. Ah! how often he had longed and hoped that that illness would end the burden which seemed so heavy to him and let him share Cecil's rest. Doctor Baxter's words had roused him for a time, but now he felt that the mission they imposed upon him was completed, and that rest might come.

The long strain he had endured had left him worn and weary, and he felt as he sat on the hillside, holding Hester Brand's letter in his nerveless fingers, as if he envied her the quiet rest which had overtaken her.

Lifting his head and uncovering his face, he looked down the valley at the lonely house where the tragedy which had marred his own life had been enacted within its walls: the inquiry as to the cause of Hester Brand's death would shortly take place. Had she,

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death,"

and sought it by some means which they would presently discover, or had her strained, remorseful heart found sudden surcease to pain, and broken in the act of delivering her rival's name from obloquy confessing her own guilt?

Time would tell, he thought sadly, as he broke open the seal and read what Hester Brand had written before her fingers grew cold in death.

"If I thought that the confession which you have asked for, Sir Hugh Danecourt, could benefit in any way the woman who has made the misery of my life, I would burn my right hand off to the wrist before I would write these words; but since she is dead, since silence can no longer harm her, since she has gone away beyond my revenge, you are welcome to the truth. It cannot help her—it cannot harm me.

"It cannot harm me, because I have always in my possession the means of escape from any punishment which might threaten me; and not only have I those means, but death in another form is always hovering round me. I feel it nearer to me to-night than it has ever been before; perhaps before the dawn is here it will have come.

"You said that I hated Cecil Beaumont, and you spoke the truth. No wonder that I did so hate her. I loved Henry Beaumont with all my heart and soul. I cannot remember the time when he was not all the world to me, and I believe that, but for her, there would have come a time when I should have been all the world to him.

"When I came first to his home, a little child, he was in the first flush of early manhood. He was kind to me in a careless, brotherly way, and he used to play with and caress me, and admire my hair, and tell me that by-and-by, when I was older, I should be his wife. I was but a beggar-maiden, a dependent on his mother's bounty but I loved him and I believed him; and when I grew to womanhood, and my glass and the admiring eyes I met told me that I was beautiful, I was proud and glad of my beauty for his sake, because I thought it would bind him to me. He was still free. He had faults and follies, I heard from every side; he had admired many women—perhaps even loved a few—but he had wedded none; and time went on, and I grew to love him yet more dearly because more hopelessly, and I tried to make myself believe that his careless kindness to me was love.

"I was beautiful. Many sought me, poor and dependent though I was, and I sometimes told him of these offers, hoping to arouse his jealousy; but he laughed sometimes, and told me not to be in a hurry, there was plenty of time before me and before him.

"I believed him. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought, but I believed him, and I kept on hoping and believing. I saw no obstacle between us, neither was there one, for by birth we were equal; he had no high descent or ancient lineage, and he was rich enough to need no fortune with his wife.

"My hopes rose still higher when his mother died, and I, by her death deprived of my only protectress, came to him and asked him what my future plans must be. He answered me kindly enough. I must wait, he said, until he returned from his travels abroad, then he would settle something. Until then his mother's adopted daughter must remain in her old home and be patient until his return.

"He went abroad, and I waited, waited, eating my heart out in the solitude of the great, stately house, with its vast empty rooms and echoing corridors, with only an occasional short letter from him to show me that I was not quite forgotten; yet, somehow, I hoped still, until one day a letter came bidding me make ready the house for his bride.

"The letter stunned me. I read it in my own room, and when I understood what it said, I fell to the ground like one smitten by a sore and sudden blow: when I came fully to myself it was evening, and when I had fallen it had been but noon. I knew then that my life was over; that I could never know happiness again. Yet I was a proud woman, I hid my suffering from the curious eyes of the household, I bore myself calmly, and I superintended all the preparations for doing honor to his bride, even as if I had been a loving sister, who was preparing a welcome for her brother's wife.

"She came. From the moment my eyes rested upon her, aye, long before that moment, I hated her, and I vowed that as she had made me suffer, so should she suffer—as she had taken his love from me, so should I take his love from her, and she should know the misery of desertion and neglect.

"I was wary and cautious; I lived for no other purpose but revenge, but I was content to bide my time. She was young, foolish, and frivolous; she was beautiful, and at first it pleased him to see her admired and sought after, and surrounded by a gay little court of admirers, and followed by admiring glances wherever she went; but after a time he grew weary of being such a secondary influence in his wife's life, he wanted to be something more to her than he was; and then I knew that my time had come. She had no love for him; loving him as I did, I soon discovered this, and I knew that he was of a most jealous and exacting temperament, and I knew too that he loved her. And so, little by little, I taught him to distrust her—I inflamed his jealousy, I made him harsh to her, and when I saw her shrink from him I began to rejoice—I knew that my revenge was within reach."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME European ladies passing through Constantinople paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave the others. Flattered by this marked attention she put the question, through the interpreter: "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a large mouth," was the straightforward reply.

HATTIE HILL RAYSON, of Chattanooga, desired to wed Oliver King, a young grocer of that city, and her parents were opposed to the union. Recently she went to her lover's store, joined him on the scales, and a friendly parson married them so quietly that the customers present thought they were only being weighed.

MEMORIES.

BY B. M. RANKING.

Ay, it was here we dwelt together
In those sweet days so long gone past!
Open it gapes to the wind and weather,
Nothing to fend the wintry blast;
The hearth is cold, the thatch is rotten,
The garden-plot is a wreck to see,
But the old times still are unforgotten,
'Tis ever my old home to me!

The while I gaze on the wreck they left us
There comes a clamor across the scene;
Of well-nigh all has the war bereft us,
But it could not rob us of what had been!
And I fancy, somehow, in some hereafter
I shall find the old home new again,
When grief that is now shall yield to laughter,
As summer's sun comes after the rain!

A DOUBLE LIFE.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

"NO, I am not making him wicked," the girl answered gravely, in the tone of one who was certain; "and I am not doing her a terrible wrong. He did her that when he married her for her money, and he knows it now. Yet, after all, remember her money bought her the man of her heart, though she does not know that that was the price of him. She will spend her life with him, possessing his affection and regard, bearing his name, sharing his public triumphs. That he never loved her she will never know. Is it not better than if she had never married, had not had the blessedness of being his, of seeing his face every day of her life?"

There was something in her voice that was almost eloquence, that paralyzed more and more the woman who listened, that seemed to send farther and farther away all the life left in her.

"But she is his wife."

It was a forlorn argument, but there was nothing else to say.

"No," the other said, contradicting it as a statement she could not and would not allow; "I am his wife. Marriage is not a mere ceremony. It is the joining of two lives that for ever become one. I am the woman of his heart. That is my justification. If I were not I should be infamous. But I am not infamous; for I am his wife, body and soul, bound faster than any ceremony in all the world could bind. As for making him wicked—and a smile that was almost scornful came for a moment to her face—I do not, I—oh, I wonder if you understand! Are you married? I do not even know your name. Tell me who you are, and——"

The handle rattled for a moment, then the door slowly opened, and there entered a little fair-haired child of two or three years old.

"Mammy, darling," he said. "Nurse says am I to go out?"

"Yes, darling; and baby too."

"Baby's fast asleep," he answered, looking at the strange lady.

Mildred stared at him with a long fixed gaze, as one standing at the gate of hell might turn to see a far-off glimpse of the Heaven for ever denied her. Then she went a step forward towards the door, like some hunted creature seeking instinctively a hiding-place somewhere in the dark, away from everything.

How she had longed for children—for a little one to hold in her arms while her husband stopped to kiss it; she knew, too, that he had longed for them. He had them now, and the woman before her was their mother.

"He is so like his father," the girl said tenderly. "Teddy, dear, do you love papa?"

"Yes, very much," the child answered, never once taking his eyes off Mildred; and then shyly turning to avoid her, he ran out of the room.

On his way he brushed against her dress, she shivered and shrank back—her husband's child, his and another woman's! The poor woman looked up as the door closed.

"Do you understand now?" she asked. "You cannot take him from me, for I am a part of his life. She is a woman outside it."

"Are you never jealous of her? Do you never wish that she were dead?" Mildred asked, desperately, looking back at her, for she still stood with her face towards the door.

"Dead! No, I could not be so cruel; for life is sweet, even at its worst. And jealous! Why should I be jealous?" the other answered, almost sadly. "I do not think I am ever jealous. I have his life's best love; why should I grudge her poor heart the little happiness it sometimes gets?"

"May heaven forgive you!" Mildred said, with a sense of awakening life, of returning pain, and of what all this would mean to her.

"Tell me who you are!" the girl cried, going forward and trying to see clearly the pale face and gray eyes of the strange woman who had wrung from her the story of her life. "Tell me who you are!—you cannot be his wife!—you could not have borne this if you had been."

"No, I am not his wife," Mildred answered; and her whole soul felt the lie to be a truth.

"Do you love her so much, that you feel it thus keenly?"

"It is so terrible, so much worse than death for her."

"She will never know, unless you tell her. If you are really her friend—if you know what love is—are you married?" she asked, in her impatient, earnest strong voice.

"I—I am all alone in the world, I think."

"As I was till I loved him, and he me."

"Had you no friends, no relations, no one to prevent——"

"No, no one. We came to this country, my father and I, when I was little; he speculated, and I was left at school. He died, and I came to this country and lived alone, giving lessons. That is my history. There is none to whom I need give account of myself, if that is what you mean. I am his, and he is all I have in the world—he and the children. But before you go," she pleaded, putting her hand on the door to keep Mildred back for a moment, "promise me you will not tell her. You will do no good; think how much misery you would cause her. I will make him entreat you too——"

Then Mildred hesitated.

"I will be silent on one condition," she answered slowly—"that you are, too—that you never tell him of this."

"But I never had a secret from him yet in my life. I could not bear to have one. Remember, nothing can part us—not joy, or sorrow, or shame, or anything in the world; it is too late for that. You cannot part us; you will do no good by telling her."

"Nor you by telling him," Mildred said, and opened the door.

"If you will promise not to tell her—if that is the only price of your silence—then I will keep your visit a secret from him," the girl said, giving way, since it was the only alternative.

"Very well. Now let me go," Mildred answered, in a dreamy, miserable voice; and at last she dragged herself to the street door.

For a moment she stopped, wondering almost wildly where she could go. There was no place in the world for her. No one had any need of her.

And while she still hesitated she heard the sound of the child's voice above, and the patter-patter of his footsteps coming down the stairs. She looked up once more, with a look of such unspeakable anguish that it wrung an exclamation from her rival.

"Oh, come back——" she cried.

But Mildred heard no more, only the sound of the child's joyous voice, as with a scared face she hurried out into the street.

CHAPTER IV.

TEDDY came home to dinner that night. His case was going well, he was in excellent spirits, and ran gaily upstairs to the drawing-room.

He felt that something had happened the moment he opened the door. Mildred was lying on the sofa, worn and white. She did attempt to rise as he entered.

"Why what's the matter?" he asked. "I thought you would be glad to see me back."

"Yes," she answered gently, "but till half-an-hour ago I thought you were going to dine out. I am resting—it is only a headache," she added. "Why didn't you go to your dinner?"

"Had a telegram putting me off. So I instantly telegraphed to you. Did you get it?"

"Yes."

"I thought you would be glad to see me," he repeated, resenting mentally his dreary home-coming. "You are generally glad when I dine at home."

"Yes," she said again.

She could not say any more, for all the time she heard ringing in her ears—

"You cannot take him from me;" and the infinite pity of her heart kept adding, "and there are the children."

The anger, the sense of insult, of injury, all that had died away. She was no coward, and unflinchingly faced the whole story. Above all, she saw its hopelessness. There was only one ending, and she knew it. She was like a woman waiting to die.

She had a strange power of realizing things from another's point of view; it was only from her own that she was narrow; but when mentally she looked from Teddy's she saw clearly, judged herself from it and understood, and did not wonder much.

Only there was this great bitterness—it was all done in ignorance, a result of the strange fetters that seemed to bind her body and soul.

If she could only once have broken away from them, and have found the voice that was never here save in the secret recesses of her heart, where, as if in an iron chamber from which it gave no outward sign, a restless fire burnt that made a still agony of life—if just once she had dared to put into words that which she knew well she could never have said at all, for before it reached her lips it would have become distorted, and her voice uncertain and husky. It was no use.

For ever before his eyes and in his thoughts she must be the woman she seemed, without charm, or passion, or excitement.

His judgment was just; she knew and felt her own narrowness, the narrowness of her outward self, and had no power to help it.

It was as if there dwelt in her some other soul besides the one she showed to the world and lived by—some soul that told her of the dulness of its mate, of the unattractiveness of her face and form, of the commonplaceness of her words and gestures, of the bands that bound down her heart, so that even from its depths there came only lukewarm utterances while it vainly longed to find the voice that should have been its natural one.

Oh, it was terrible to have that absolute knowledge of self, with the consciousness of the uselessness and hopelessness of striving against it; to know that she had no power to be other than she seemed, to appear other than the woman she looked.

A common thing enough, perhaps; for many have secret souls with which to feel, and working ones with which to make themselves felt and known.

And if they are judged according to the latter, is it not fair enough in these days, in which it matters little what a man is, but only what he does?

"Have you been out to-day?" Teddy asked, looking round the room with a sense of some defect in its arrangement. It had not the air of restfulness that a woman strong in the characteristics of her sex makes the place to which her husband comes home after his work.

"Yes," she said once more.

There was something choking her, she could not talk.

"You cannot take him from me," was still ringing in her ears. There were no other words in the world. But as she watched him round the room she thought it was true what her rival had said—she had "no life, no go."

The other woman would have run to meet him, and putting her arms round his neck, looked up into his face with fond loving eyes and tender words upon her lips.

Never in her brightest days had Mildred had courage enough for that sort of thing; she had seemed indifferent, perhaps, but in reality she had been shy and awkward, even with Teddy.

She realized this, too, now that all things were too late. Even if to-day had been a year ago, and all the terrible story she had heard untold, it would never have occurred to her to ask Teddy about his work; she had always waited to be told what it pleased him to tell her.

The other woman, she knew surely, and he remembered, would have asked him a dozen eager questions—would have lived through the case, laughing at the good points made on his side, vexed at those made on the other.

To his wife Teddy hardly mentioned it at all, it never occurred to him that she would be interested in it. He put it away from him as much as possible, in order to talk to her in the manner he thought she would like best.

"By the way," he said presently, "I was lunching with Bolton to-day. He gave the medical evidence on our side. I told him about you—that I was anxious to see you regularly set up. He says the real thing for you is a sea-voyage."

"Yes? To the end of the world?" she asked, getting up and standing listlessly by the fire.

"Well, no, we won't send you quite so far as that; but a brilliant idea struck me all at once to-day. You know George is at Malta. It is a nice place—not too far; you could always race back by Italy, if you were in a hurry to get home again. I should not mind your going out there alone, with Marks, in the P. & O. You would be all right once on board. It is not a long voyage—rather more than a week—but quite long enough to do you good. You would like Malta; there's plenty always going on there. You like George and his wife, and I know they would be awfully glad to see you."

Teddy had evidently made up his mind that he had hit upon the right thing for her. George was his elder brother.

"Yes, it will do very well," she answered. "Let me go at once," she added. "I meant to tell you when you came home to-night that I wanted to go somewhere. I don't care where it is, so that it is a long way off. How can I go?"

There was something in her words and tone that went to his guilty heart like a knife. It was the tone that might have been hers had she known all, and was breaking her heart, he thought.

The fire blazed up, and he saw her face plainly. Either the firelight exaggerated its paleness and weariness, or she had altered much since yesterday.

"Is anything the matter? You look so ill—so different," he said.

"Oh, I am neuralgic, I suppose."

But her voice trembled, her eyes filled with tears. He felt that he was somehow, though how he did not know, responsible for her sorrowfulness; that it was not all neuralgia or mere low spirits, as she would have him believe; and he hated himself for the part he had played.

Had she not given him her all in the world—that poor little soul whom he had never once loved truly, but had used merely as a stepping-stone to that which was his now, but a few years since had been far enough away.

He felt that he was a scoundrel, and wished with all his heart that in days that were gone he had had courage enough to be honest.

"You will be better soon, dear," he said gently. "You want cheering up a bit; you have not been anywhere lately."

And going forward he stooped to kiss her. She pushed him away, almost with a shudder.

"Oh, don't," she cried. "I cannot bear it—I cannot, indeed."

He looked at her in surprise. Usually she had been demurely eager for the caresses that he had half-grudged her.

"What is the matter, Mildred?" he asked, facing the worst.

"I am ill," she answered, cowering away from him. "I cannot go on living this life. Let me go away."

Then suddenly a flood of memories swept over her, as she looked at him bending down, as she felt his breath upon her cheek—her handsome, clever husband, of whom she had been so proud.

She thought of the days they had spent together, days in which she had never dreamt of all that now must evermore divide them.

She thought of all his tenderness and gentleness, for he had been very tender and gentle to her; and she divined that at heart he had been grateful and often self-reproachful.

He need not have married her; but it was not his fault that he had not been in love with her. Did not many men marry for money, just as he had, and soon grow careless and callous? He had never done that.

Perhaps it was all her fault. And yet it was not her fault; for she could not help not being pretty and lovable, like that other woman. She put her arms gently round his neck and kissed him.

"You must forgive me," she said, in the low weary voice that had become natural to her, "I am not well; let me go away, and soon, as soon as possible. I shall be better then. Now I am worn out, and tired of everything."

"All right, dear," he said, thankful that the scene was blowing over. "You shall start for Malta as soon as we can get you off. We had better have some champagne to pick us up. Come along."

He pulled her arm through his, and almost dragged her downstairs, in laughing, good-humored fashion. She would be better when she once got away, he thought. The voyage was an excellent idea. How lucky it was he had spoken to Bolton. She could not help this sort of thing, he supposed; still, it was trying when a man had been hard at work all day. But she had never been so foolish before; it was evident that she was out of health.

It was very bad luck that the little girl at Clapham had telegraphed that she had a headache too, and was obliged to go to bed.

He had so longed to go to her—he had been looking forward to it all day—his darling, his pretty one; and he thought of her even in that one moment with a love that outweighed all that he had ever felt for the fragile woman on his arm since the day when he had first set eyes on her.

* * * * * *

Teddy and his wife were standing on board the P. & O. at Southampton. He had come down to see her off. They had lunched together downstairs, and Teddy had quite won over the captain, who knew him by reputation, and was delighted to make his acquaintance.

There were a good many passengers, the captain said, and when they were within two or three days of Gibraltar, Mrs. Archerson would find everything delightful—weather warm, sea smooth, and every one friendly.

"By the way, you stop at Gibraltar, probably for a few hours," Teddy said, as they took a last walk up and down the deck, "so you may be able to go ashore and have a look at the big guns and the orange-trees. I remember George writing home when he stopped on his way to India, and saying it was all big guns and orange-trees."

"Yes," she answered.

She could only think of him, just of him whom she was about to leave, and not of any place in the world. But he rattled on:

"Lucky little woman you are to get away into the sunshine, while your unfortunate husband stays behind, and slaves——"

She turned round quickly; it seemed as if some words rose to her lips, but if so, they were left unsaid. He misunderstood the action.

"Of course, I sha'n't slave really," he said, consolingly. "I daresay I shall manage to take things pretty easily."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a long sigh. She had no words to talk with, no thoughts that she dared put into words. She shivered suddenly—it was all so terrible, and she was utterly alone in her suffering. He thought she was trembling, and stopping, adjusted her furs closer round her neck, while she submitted half-bewildered. He pulled her hand through his arm and drew her a little closer to him as they resumed their walk.

"You will soon be in the sunshine," he said. "You will get rather too much of it at Malta. They say there isn't a bit of shade to be had, and not a tree higher than a gooseberry-bush."

"Oh, I don't mind," she cried; "I don't mind anything."

She could not bear to hear him talking as lightly as if to-morrow's sun would not rise and find them far apart. Her voice betrayed plainly enough this time that she was suffering, and the knowledge gave him a dull gnawing pain.

"You must take care of yourself," he said, looking into her gray eyes with a quaking conscience, thankful with a thankfulness that knew no bounds that she had never guessed his secret. He prayed in his heart that she might never know it.

"You don't look up to much now, poor child," he said tenderly; "but George and Nellie will take care of you, and cheer you up, and do you a world of good."

"Yes," she said, almost gratefully. It was odd how she understood all that was in his thoughts on that last walk they took together.

"You will come back quite strong and well."

"If I die," she said suddenly, "you must marry again soon and be very happy—do you hear?"

"Nonsense!" and he tried to laugh—a sorry sort of laugh. "You are not going to die; you must not get morbid."

"I am not morbid," she said quite gravely.

Then, after a moment's pause, she went on:

"I wish I had been better to you, Teddy, brighter and more companionable, and more lovable—oh, I do!" she cried. "I would give all the world to have been different."

The last words came almost in a whisper from her trembling lips. He stopped, and with a troubled face answered her earnestly:

"No one in the world could have been better—no one in the world. You are the gentlest woman alive, Millie; I wish I had been worthier of you."

She could not speak, but for answer she stooped and kissed his coat-sleeve. It was unlike her, but it was the action by which he remembered her through all the after years.

They stopped by the stern for a moment. The wheel-house was there, and behind it, at the extreme end of the ship, there were two raised steps that formed a seat. It was the point from which the log was taken. Mildred looked at the place for a moment, and hesitated; then mounting the steps, looked down at the water beneath. "I shall come and sit here when it is warm enough," she said. "I shall have my face towards home, and my back towards Malta."

"Don't you wan't to go?" he asked, hating himself.

"Oh, yes; I couldn't have stayed longer in England."

She sat down on the steps for an instant, and looked out towards the distance.

"You must mind how you sit there," he said, "unless it is very calm. If the ship gave a lurch you would go over before you knew where you were, and not a soul have an inkling of it in time to pick you up."

"Yes," she answered slowly, "if the ship gave a lurch I might go over."

They went for one more turn along the deck, and then it was time for Teddy to go ashore. He turned back as he stood by the gangway.

"I'll send you a line to Gibraltar, though I am not sure that it will get there in time," he said. "But at any rate you can post me one from there, and tell me how you are getting."

She nodded her head, she could not speak, but he understood. He waved his hand, and he stood watching him going farther and farther away. Just before he vanished altogether he turned and made one more sign of farewell.

"Good-bye," she whispered to herself, "good-bye," and looked at the water—at the sea that already divided them.

"Gibraltar, 27th January.

"DEAREST TEDDY:—We stay here about six hours, but I am not going ashore. There is no letter from you. They say it is impossible for one to arrive in time. We have had lovely weather since Saturday, warm and soft; and I have gone to the little seat we found behind the wheel-house, and sat with my back to the ship and my face towards home, and watched the long line of foam we left behind as we came through the water. I have thought of you all the time; sometimes I have held out my arms to that long white line stretching between us, and felt as if I would die gladly for one more look at your dear face. I hope you are very happy, Teddy. I am always hoping that.

"I do not know what has come to my fingers, I cannot write. I stop to think of one evening, years ago now—it was very soon after we were married—I met you in the hall, and you held me fast and kissed me. It felt as if I could never get away, as if you loved me. If I had only died then—my darling, my love, my husband, mine! Don't think that I have not loved you much or passionately because I have kept my heart hidden and my lips still. No woman has loved you nor ever will love you as I have, not if you live to be a thousand. Good-bye. Be happy, very, very happy. Your happiness is the thing I long for most in the world. Always remember that.

"MILDRED."

* * * * * *

Teddy moved from the little house at Kensington before his second marriage, and took a better one nearer town. It was prettier and cosier as well as grander than the one over which poor Mildred had presided—more like a home to which a man hurries back from his work and is proud to ask his friends.

He could not bear to spend an evening away from it; he had almost forgotten the short cuts to the club, he went there so seldom; and sometimes, when he was obliged to work in the evening, brought his papers home, and did it in the pretty drawing-room, while his wife sat near him.

Many a time when he was absorbed in some legal problem, or framing some eloquent explanation of a difficult point, it helped him to look up and for a moment to see her face.

It was like a gleam of sunshine in a lawyer's office. He told her so once, and she laughed—that little merry laugh that seems to live in a happy life, like a bird in a wood—and people said that she had been a widow, that Teddy had fallen head and ears in love with her, and was a wonderful stepfather to her children.

He and she laughed at the little deception sometimes. They laughed that night when George's letter came, saying that he was on his way home at last, and should be with them before the month was out.

"I wonder if he will be curious about Mr. Gray?" Teddy said. "I shall say you ill-used him, Mary; do you hear?"

She was writing notes at a little table beside the fireplace. Her husband sat pretending to turn over a pile of new books, but in reality looking at her, and at all the prettinesses gathered round her. She had altered little since her interview with Mildred, nearly two years ago now.

The idealism of youth still looked out of her eyes, and there was more of the strength and passion of womanhood in the lines of her mouth and the tones of her voice.

But she was girl-like still, though the white throat was a shade fuller, the sweet face a little graver, perhaps more thoughtful. She was even prettier—she might almost have been called beautiful. Teddy thought so as he looked at her—his sweetheart, his dear one, his wife of whom he was so proud.

She had a knack of making her surroundings picturesque, too, and yet most thoroughly comfortable. He had never realized the happy restfulness of home till her hands had made one for him. She had raised in his eyes the whole value of women.

"Dear Mr. Gray," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I wonder what he was like."

He stooped and kissed her fingers.

"A disagreeable sort of fellow, no doubt."

"That is ungenerous," she laughed. "I wonder if he was fond of his wife?"

"Perhaps so, poor fellow."

"And why poor?"

"No doubt she killed him."

"Your manners are positively shocking!" she said gaily: "but I forgive you. I am so happy that I can afford to be generous," she added, with a touch of gravity.

"Happier than—than before?" he asked gently.

She clasped her hands together, and answered, with a long sigh of content:

"Oh, a thousand times. I can breathe more freely, and look round and not feel ashamed."

"Ah, I thought Mr. Grey was not so very delightful," he said, trying to laugh away her seriousness.

She understood him—she always did.

"I was very fond of him," she laughed. "He was quite as nice as you are, Mr. Vanity. Let us draw his portrait."

She took up a pencil and made a grotesque likeness of Teddy, at which he, leaning over her shoulder, laughed, then he looked down at her head and smoothed her hair.

"My pretty wife," he said. "Then you can breathe freely now?"

"Yes, but not altogether—it troubles even now to think of it."

"Ah, you women put an enormous value on respectability," he answered.

He liked to provoke her a little; he thought his words would do it, and he was right. She got up quickly and looked at him.

"It isn't that," she flashed—"you know it isn't," she cried passionately; "but there are the children. Sometimes when I think of it I feel ashamed to look them in the face—not for what I did, but for what it may yet cause them to suffer."

He hardly listened. She was so pretty when she was roused, when her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling. She knew how to make herself look pretty, too, and did it always for Teddy. He looked at her bright hair, at her trailing dress, at the lace ruffles at her elbows, leaving the white arms bare.

There were some flowers in her bosom—he had brought them home that day—round her throat there was a twist of soft lace, fastened with a diamond arrow.

He thought of the day when he had bought it and sold it to her for a kiss, while she had declared it was far too dear.

"My prettiest," he exclaimed, "how I love you! Don't think of the children—they can never suffer or know. Don't be foolish, my sweet," and he caught her in his arms and kissed her. "If I could only know that you would never hate me for it—Mary, I am a fool about you. I love you so, my darling."

"Hate you!" she cried, "how could I? And yet I wish it had been right," she whispered. "I needn't to care, but I do now. I would give anything if we had waited. We called what we did fine names, and I felt them all to be true then; but now I seem to see more clearly how wrong it was. I wished he had waited. I remember reading somewhere once, 'All sin is dogged; and though that which follows may lag, it never loses the track.' Sometimes I feel as if that which follows were overtaking us. Just when I am happiest its shadow is on my heart."

"Thank God she never knew, my darling."

He sat down on her chair by the writing-table as he spoke, and she kneeling beside him clasped her hands gently upon his shoulders.

"No, she never knew," she said, with a sigh of thankfulness; "but—did it ever strike you what a thin curtain sometimes divides us from the most terrible suffering? If she had known—oh, Teddy, what would she have done?"

"It would have broken her heart, I think," he said, sadly.

Then trying to shake off the subject, he played with the arrow at her throat.

"Sweet, would it break your heart if I were false to you?" he asked.

The question was half a joke; for he knew how fast her chains bound him. She looked up. There was none of Mildred's patience in her. She was a woman to win love very easily, but not easily to let it go.

"Yes, it would break my heart, too," she answered. "But first I would—would kill you."

"Kill me! Why not kill her?"

"The woman for whose sake you were false? No, I would kill you. She would suffer more in living."

"Mary, I am half afraid of you," he said.

With one of her quick changes of mood she laughed, a happy, triumphant little laugh. She unclasped her hands from his shoulder.

"Are you?" she said. "Then you are free. Go and love elsewhere, if you will."

"You know I can't," he said fervently.

"Nor I," she whispered. "I never did or could, right or wrong. But oh, how glad I am that it is right at last," she added, with a sigh.

"So am I, my own—more thankful than I can say."

"Teddy," she whispered, "I never dared say it before; but I wish that she had died naturally—that she had not been drowned."

He nodded his head. Many and many a time had the same thought come over him too.

"It is so strange, but in the twilight I can often see her face looking up from a gray sea to a gray sky, a dead white face."

"Nonsense!" he shuddered.

"I am thankful that I never saw her," she went on, with a little shiver—"that I never even saw a portrait of her. I could not bear to shape her face, her real face, in my thoughts."

"You shall never see a portrait of her, my darling," he said. "But let us shake this off; we are only making ourselves miserable."

"I know," she answered. "Let us shake it off. If she had only not been drowned—it is what might have happened, had she known? She would not have killed you, as I should?"

"No, she would not have killed me. Yes, it is perhaps what she might have done, had she known."

"Oh, Teddy! it would have killed me too. I should have shrank away from you for ever afterwards."

And even as she spoke she shuddered and drew back from him.

"I would never have let you kiss me again—never! I should have died too."

"But she never did know, darling. Let us stop all this painful talk. Are we not happy together, in spite of all we did? And were we not happy even then?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she said; and putting her arms round his neck again she rested her face against his, and was silent for a minute.

Then she spoke calmly. "Teddy, dear," she said, "I want to tell you something. It is the only secret I ever had from you. It cost me so much at the time, but I promised not to tell, and a sort of superstition has kept me silent. Besides, I wanted to save you pain. I do not think there has been a day since—hardly an hour—in which I have not thought of it. Wait a minute or two."

She went back to the writing-table, and kneeling before it, took up her pencil, and began to draw some one from memory—some one in a bonnet, with a veil tied under her chin. Suddenly he, watching, started with an exclamation.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, "it is Mildred!"

She got up and stood facing him, holding out her hands as one blinded, while her lips grew white and trembled.

"Then she knew!" she cried, and stretched out her arms, but they did not reach him. "She knew! oh, God! she knew!" she cried, shrinking as though she dreaded lest he should touch her.

Slowly, with scared faces, they looked at each other, it seemed as if across a great space—as if between them flowed the sea.

* * * * * *

He shut the door and locked it, feeling that if any one came near him he should go mad. With a shiver he looked round the chilly empty room, and towards the shadowy corners.

Then going to the writing-table, with a hand he vainly tried to make steady he unlocked a drawer, and taking out her letter, read it once again. There was a line under the word "mine," a thick line, blurred, as though a tear had fallen on it.

He had wondered when it came—at its passionate tone, at its sadness, at the living something in it that had haunted him many a time since. He remembered the night it had all happened; how he at home had sat through the twilight before the fire talking to Mary.

He closed his eyes and groaned as he thought of it; he could see her sitting at the ship's end on the little seat they had looked at together. He remembered that her maid had described how she had not gone down to dinner that night after the ship had left Gibraltar, she had wished to be left alone. He could see her watching the track of the white foam, while the shadows gathered round her, and through the open hatchments came a clink of glasses, the sound of voices, as the passengers dined and laughed in the saloon below. He could feel the cool breeze that swept over her face, could see her hold out her hands to him once more, could feel all the agony in her heart, the bitter loneliness, and then—ah, God! and the ship went on, and the white line stretched and stretched. And he had sat the while with his arms round another woman.

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

MILDEW.—A saucer of quicklime placed in a book-case will prevent mildew. It must, of course, be renewed as often as it becomes slaked. It is equally good for putting in linen chests, iron safes, or wherever there is any mustiness owing to the exclusion of fresh air.

LAYING DUST.—It is stated that salt water is particularly successful in laying dust, as it forms a kind of skin, which binds the surface together, or, as one authority expresses it, "the salt water 'gums' the surface of the road." There seems to be no objection to this surface incrustation of salt, for it causes no inconvenience in the sewers, and has no prejudicial effect on the health of man.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—Among the means of speedy egress in case of theatre fires which have been advocated is the placing of tablets covered with luminous paints in the various corridors, so that, should the gas be suddenly turned off, persons can readily find their way to the outer doors. Experiments with these tablets are now being made, and they will probably lead to their use in many other buildings beside theatres. It is necessary to place them near a lamp, otherwise they do not shine.

LIGHTING TRAINS.—The system of lighting trains by compressed oil-gas, which has been so largely adopted on the numerous railway lines, has recently been applied to the illumination of the London omnibuses. The reservoir holding the gas is of copper and is placed beneath the steps of the vehicle, the gas being stored in at an initial pressure of ninety pounds on the square inch. This reservoir holds sufficient gas for three days' consumption, and feeds two lamps, one of which is an ordinary railway-car roof-lamp placed inside just above the door; the other being a square lamp with a white reflector placed inside the omnibus at its forward end. The reservoir is easily charged from portable cylinders which are sent out from the oil-works. This system will no doubt become general in omnibuses.

FOR COLD FEET.—As the winter is now coming on, the following remedy for cold feet is recommended for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, car-drivers and others who are exposed to the cold. "All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to pull all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do, in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woolen stockings drawn over thin cotton ones, is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm."

Farm and Garden.

NEVER DRIVEN.—A cow in milk should never be driven faster than a walk. Good cows have large and well-filled udders, which cause pain to them if they are hurried or driven on a run.

FINE AND COARSE.—Fine manure for crops is more valuable than coarse. Hens can break up manure better, perhaps, than anyone of the machines invented for the purpose. Scatter some wheat over the pile and turn them on.

PUMPKINS.—In feeding pumpkins first remove the seed. To store them put them under the hay, or cover in any manner that will keep off the frost. If they become frosted they will not be injured unless thawed out too suddenly.

POULTRY.—On clay soils poultry yards may be greatly improved by placing a tile drain two feet below the surface of the yard, and then adding a foot of sand. Treated in this way the rains carry down much of the filth to the drains and save labor.

SETTING POSTS.—A practical farmer says, in setting posts where great solidity is required, he uses gravel and small stones to fill in around the posts, and then runs in thin water-lime mortar, thus virtually imbedding the posts in rock, preventing decay and insuring solidity.

BUTTER COLORING.—Carrot juice may be used as a coloring for butter in place of annatto, it is said, but the better plan for coloring the butter is to give the cows a mess of sliced carrots daily. If preferred, they may be cooked and fed with ground grain. It is claimed in favor of carrots that they do not impart any disagreeable odor to the milk.

IN WINTER.—Sweet potatoes that are in the least manner affected by rot will not keep, and it is a waste of labor to attempt to keep them. A temperature ranging between sixty and seventy degrees is correct, and only the best and smoothest potatoes should be stored. If kept in a proper place, where the temperature is even throughout the winter, it is only necessary to put the potatoes in flour barrels and to keep them dry.

BROWN'S BOY: "We've got stationary wash stands in our house," Smith's boy: "We've got tesselated vestibules."—"We've got steel grates."—"So have we, and a lift."—"Pooh! we've got electric bells."—"Well, we've got something youenses hasn't got—we've got rheumatic tubes. There, now!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 50
3 Copies One Year..... 5 00
4 Copies One Year..... 6 00
8 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 12 00
12 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 15 00
20 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 20 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 726 Sansom St.

Of Self-Satisfaction.

As the state of man is progressive, Providence has been pleased to ordain that the steps of his improvement should be attended with complacency. Whether the improvement is moral or mental, the pleasure is great which accompanies it. A man feels himself rising in value by every new acquisition of good qualities. To be advancing more and more, by daily approaches, to attainable perfection, is a state so pleasant that it may be said to resemble the ascent up a beautiful hill, where the prospect over variegated meadows, meandering streams, forests, distant roofs and spires, becomes at every step more delightful.

Industry in laudable pursuits is a never-failing source of internal satisfaction. It causes a pleasing succession of ideas, by bringing new objects, or a change of circumstances, continually in view. And if it is conversant with matters of importance, and attended with success, there is no state so happy as that of an industrious man in the exercise of his skill and abilities.

To have subdued an irregular or excessive passion, and to have resisted a mean, a vicious, a degrading inclination, affords a pleasing consciousness of virtuous resolution; a sensation so agreeable and flattering as could not have been equalled by indulgence or compliance with it; and has this additional advantage, that it is not followed by pain, remorse, or any consequences which can occasion shame or sorrow.

On the contrary, after the gratification of vice or irregularity, a man feels himself little and low; he despises himself, and recovers not his happiness till, by contrition or amendment, he regains a due degree of self-esteem.

No bad man, says the heathen poet, is a happy man. He is perhaps for ever in pursuit of enjoyment; but he feels agitations and anxieties that detract much from his pleasures; and his reflections upon them, and their consequences to himself, his family and many others, become, at least in the solitary hours of dejection, ill-health, or of night alone, extremely uneasy.

So that it is not merely the declamation of a preacher, but the decision of experience arising from actual fact, which pronounces that a good conscience is necessary to the true enjoyment of life.

No man can have a conscience perfectly void of offence; but whoever has violated it reluctantly, and repented as often as he has transgressed, may be said to have a good conscience; and a treasure it is more to be desired than the golden stores brought continually from the East by men whom Providence suffers to become enormously rich to show that enormous riches are no decisive marks of its peculiar favor.

Self-esteem, founded on rational principles, is one of the first requisites to a happy life; and to the honor and virtue of religion, let it be remarked, that it is attainable only by a benevolent, a wise, a prudent conduct.

Men who, by early education, by happily falling among good examples, by reading good books, and by forming good habits in consequence of all these advantages, conduct themselves in all things with reason, with moderation and with kindness; these are they who, after all the pretensions of voluptuousness, enjoy the most of this world; for their happiness flows like a gentle stream uninterrupted in its course, uniform and constant, while that of others is like a torrent, which dashes from rock to rock, all foam, all noise for a little while, till it is lost in the ocean or wasted away by its own violence. It is destructive of others, destructive of itself, and too turbulent to admit of pure tranquility.

Let those who have wandered in pursuits which themselves are ready to acknowledge delusive and unsatisfactory, resolve, by way of experiment, to try whether the pleasure of that self esteem which arises from rectitude of conduct, is not the most pleasing possession which the world affords; whether it does not promote a constant cheerfulness, and gaiety of heart which renders life a continual feast.

The path of duty, comparatively speaking, is strewed with flowers and sweetened with fragrance. To the timid, the slothful and ill-disposed the first entrance may appear to be closed with briars; but he who has courage to break through the difficulties raised by his own imagination, will find himself in as pleasant a walk as is to be found beneath the moon.

Many philosophers maintain that selfishness is the spring of all our activity. Whether their system is well founded or not, it is certain that in pursuit of the pleasure of rational self-esteem we may be as selfish as we please without incurring the disgrace of meanness; for to the indulgence of this kind of selfishness it is necessary to cultivate every thing liberal, generous, useful, amiable. The pleasure arising from it is not unsocial, though it centres in self; for it is not to be enjoyed but by promoting the good of society.

The pleasure is the first reward which Providence has vouchsafed to assign to the honest efforts of humble virtue, a reward infinitely disproportionate to that reserved for it in a better state, but still of a pure, of a celestial nature, and great enough to excite the most ardent efforts in its acquisition.

There is this additional advantage in being pleased with one's self, on solid reasons, that it puts one in good humor with the world. All nature seems to smile with us; and our hearts, dilating with conscious virtue and benevolence, feel a new delight in the communication of happiness.

An old writer tells us of a vision that a religious man had at his prayers in the congregation. He saw a several angel at the elbow of every one person, ready to write down his petitions. Those who prayed heartily, their angels wrote down their suits in gold; those that prayed but coldly and carelessly, their angels wrote too, but it was with water; those that prayed customarily, only from the teeth outward, had their angels by them, who seemed to write, but it was with a dry pen, no ink on it; such as slept had their angels by them, but they laid their pens by; such as had worldly thoughts, their angels wrote in the dust; and such as had envious and malicious spirits, their angels wrote with gall. If this be so, I fear few angels have wrote this day in golden letters; but the pens of the others have gone very fast. Have a care how thou prayest, if thou wouldest have them written with the golden pen.

How different is peace from happiness! Happiness is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures and the world without; peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirits. The one is as changeable as the objects or circumstances on which it relies; the other is as unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests. We may thus possess real happiness and real peace; yet either may exist without the other. Nay, more, happiness may be destroyed by God in order that the blessing of peace may be possessed; but never will he take away peace to give happiness. Happiness without peace is temporal, but peace along with happiness, that indeed is eternal.

Solid comforts may be copiously derived from the following sources: a quiet conscience, health, liberty, one's time one's own, or if not, usefully, innocently and moderately employed by others; a freedom from inordinate passions of all kinds, a habit of living within one's income and of saving something for extraordinary occasions; an ability, arising from rational economy, to defray all necessary and expedient expenses; a habit of good humor and aptitude to be pleased rather than offended, a preparation for adversity, love of one's family, sincerity to friends, benevolence to mankind, and piety to God.

It has pleased the all-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth by difficulty and allurement, to place us in a world where wrong-doing is often gainful, and duty rough and perilous, where many vices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight upon the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences which menace the intellect and heart; and to be free is to withstand and conquer these.

A man that loves to be peevish and paramount, and to play the sovereign at every turn, does but blast the blessings of life and swagger away his own enjoyments; and not to enlarge upon the folly, not to mention the injustice of such a behavior, it is always the sign of a little, unbenevolent temper. It is disease and discredit all over, and there is no more greatness in it than in the swelling of a dropsy.

Whatever is in us must come out, feebleness or strength, wisdom or folly, good or evil. Pride in our heart inevitably shows itself in our lives. Selfishness in heart means selfishness in every walk of society. Christians sometimes act as if they could indulge in unchristian thoughts and feelings and keep them a secret. Just as well have smallpox kept to one's self.

Perhaps one can follow the trade of sin no longer; the adulterer is grown old, the drunkard poor; his heart leans to sin, but either his purse fails him or his strength; as a man that loves hunting, but his prison fetters will not suffer him to follow the sport. This man who is necessitated to put a stop to sin, doth not so much forsake sin as sin forsakes him.

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and, though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.

It is observed in the golden verses of Phythagoras that power is never far from necessity. The vigor of the human mind quickly appears when there is no longer any place for doubt and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger or overwhelmed by some resistless passion.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. You may analyze this and say, What is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system.

There is a kind of hypocrisy by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him.

Religion is the most gentlemanly thing of the world. It alone will gentilize, if unmixed with cant.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with that of others.

A little wrong to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

The World's Happenings.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

Dresden has a steam omnibus that carries 20 passengers.

Dogs are said to kill $5,000,000 worth of sheep annually in Texas.

A Jackson, Mich., manufacturer is shipping wagons to Australia.

Cincinnati has a 10-months' old child who is claimed to weigh 41 pounds.

A man in Putnam county, Ga., has finger nails over two inches in length.

The bite of a rat proved fatal to a 4-months' old baby at Decatur, Ill., recently.

A big church organ made of paper is said to be the latest discovery in the musical line.

A clergyman of the Church of England announces that the millennium will begin on April 11, 1901.

An Arkansas editor recently notified his readers that "any kind of grub" would be received in payment of subscriptions.

There is a dealer in New York who confines his business to the purchase of duplicate wedding presents, and he makes money.

It is reported that parties in Kansas and Dakota are engaged in raising buffalos for market, and that the business promises to be profitable.

In a negro cabin at Decatur, Ga., there is a huge spider, and in weaving its web it has distinctly written several letters of the alphabet.

Farthings are still in use in England. They are used chiefly in buying papers at trade prices, when quarter fractions of a penny come into use.

The principal of an academy in New Jersey advertises in the city papers that he prepares "Boys for business or col. Backward boys taught pri."

Renova, Pa., has a knowing cow. According to accounts it daily removes the bars from a fence, enters an enclosed lot, and replaces the bars when it goes out.

A Treasury Department clerk has invented a lock which can be locked with any one of 10,000 keys, but can be unlocked only by the original key used to lock it.

A Los Angeles real estate agent posted the following notice on a piece of land: "For Sale Cheap. The Best Climate on the Pacific Coast. The Land Thrown In."

Mr. Spurgeon tests the readiness of his pupils by sending them into the pulpit with a sealed envelope containing a text. From that text the pupil is supposed to preach.

Buffalo has a woman contractor. Her name is Mrs. A. M. Holloway, and she has just secured the contract for cleaning the streets of that city for five years by a bid of $67,000.

Recent measurement of their coffins shows that the average ancient Roman could not have been more than 5 feet 5 inches tall. The mummy of Cleopatra measures 4 feet 6.

A resident of Cuba., Mo., is said to have a freak of nature in the shape of a hen's egg, which has on one side the face of a clock and some of the figures almost perfect in Roman figures.

Clinton Williams, though only 30 years old, admitted in a Baltimore court, recently, that he had deserted four other wives, one of them in this city, before he married, in Baltimore last July the one who had him arrested.

Jesus Waldonado, a ranchman, is dead at Vera Cruz, Mexico, at the undoubted age of 183 years. Among the pall bearers at his funeral were three sons, aged 130, 120 and 100 years. They were white-haired, but strong and hearty.

According to gossip, Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, has already refused three eligible young men: now a fourth is dangling on the hook, waiting breathlessly, it is supposed, her decision. He is a Russian prince.

A beggars' agency in Paris supplies, for two francs, the addresses of persons who are known to assist beggars. It also supplies professors of mendicity, who sell beggars' manuals containing phrases calculated to soften the hard-hearted.

The Hawaiian "army" consists of one "generalissimo," five colonels, five majors, one adjutant-general, one quartermaster-general, one intelligence officer, one engineer, one aide-de-camp, one adjutant, one captain, two lieutenants, eight sergeants, sixteen corporals, one bandmaster, twenty-four bandsmen and sixty privates!

W. H. Thomas, of Grand Rapids, has two great curiosities in his house. In traveling through his rye-field he discovered a stalk of rye surmounted by two perfect ears. On Saturday of last week his wife presented him with triplets, all girls, the combined weight of which was ten pounds ten ounces. The father, mother and babies are doing well.

An accident, that happened in an almost unheard-of manner, is reported from Arkansas City. A man was riding on the footboard of a switch engine when a cow came out of the weeds on to the track just ahead of the engine, and before the rider could change his position his limbs were crushed between the engine and the body of the cow.

The population in some parts of New York city is in the proportion of 280,000 to the square mile. The most densely populated part of London has 170,000. In many cases there are 14 or 15 grown persons occupying two rooms, or even one, and many of these rooms are hardly more than closets, and dark ones, too. Few of them measure more than 7x9 feet, and have but one door and one window.

The jailer of the Pueblo County Jail, Colorado, permitted one of the prisoners to play the violin evenings. The other night the scraping began at an early hour and was kept up continuously and vigorously until late, when it ceased. In the morning the jailer found that under cover of the music four prisoners had sawed off a portion of a window casing, worked a big stone out of place and escaped.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

There never was anything like to-day!
You and your eyes, and the breath of May:
A hint of Summer, to make us glad;
A tinge of Winter, to make us sad;
Brown boughs clothed in a mist of green—
Green, with the pink of the buds between.

But the naked hollows here and there,
The light wind wandering everywhere,
Fills with the grace of the tossing leaves.
It is Spring at last, for who sees believes;
And I have not a grief that I know of—none.
—There's only a cloud come over the sun!

* * * * * *

What have you done to embitter the day?
One little word, and the blue turned gray.
The rain-clouds gather, and more behind;
The wind that was gentle has grown unkind.
As you sit there silent, it seems like years
Since last you spoke, yet my heart still hears.

Nay, never look up! No blue in the sky!
The sad spring blossoms go drifting by;
They had only just had the time to blow,
When you changed your mind, and they had to go.
Winter's not over, nor Spring begun;
What have you done, Sweet, what have you done?

Fifty and Sixty.

BY G. L. PIRKIS.

"IT'S annoying, very. Difficult to understand—rather," said Sir Peter Witney. Here he shuffled together a small packet of letters that the morning's post had brought him, every one of which contained a refusal of his polite invitation to spend a week or ten days at Witney Hall. "But, after all," he added after a moment's pause, "it's their loss, not mine. Don't you agree with me, Miss Miles?"

Three days previously, when Sir Peter was sending out his invitations, this lady had had a somewhat different remark addressed to her. Then it had been: "It's a happy thought of mine to give my housewarming at Easter, when everybody's glad to run away for a few days into the country. Don't you agree with me, Miss Miles?"

To which question Miss Miles had replied then as now: "Exactly, Sir Peter; I was just going to make the same remark."

For the past fifteen years of her life, during which period she had filled the double capacity of lady-housekeeper to Sir Peter and governess to his orphan ward, one-half of this worthy lady's duties had consisted in repeating this formula at least a dozen times in as many hours.

"Their loss, not mine!" Sir Peter went on irritably, evidently bent on working himself into what Miss Miles was accustomed to call "a state of mind." "Now I should like to know who, of all those people who have seen fit to refuse my invitation, keeps a better stud than I do, or has a better cook in his kitchen, or can put better wine on his table—eh, Miss Miles?"

"Ah, I should like to know, indeed."

"Or who among them could put his hand in his pocket and pay thirty thousand pounds down on the nail for a country house, then pull it down and rebuild it from top to bottom? Eh, Miss Miles?"

"Or furnish it when it was rebuilt; that means another thirty thousand pounds, pictures included, eh, Sir Peter?"

Sir Peter was mollified. His house was his pride and his hobby. To build it, to furnish it, and to lay out its spacious grounds to the best advantage, had taken every spare minute of his time since, five years previously, rejoicing in his civic baronetcy, he had sold his City business and settled down as a country gentleman in the green plains of Buckinghamshire.

"A famous hunting country. I shall be able to give you a capital mount whenever you like to run down," he had said to his City friends, when he had purchased his estate. They were friends, by the way, as little likely to mount a hunter and follow the hounds as Sir Peter himself. If it had not been for Sir Peter's only son, Leo, and his friends, the hunters would speedily have fallen victims to apoplexy.

Leo was a genial, good-hearted young fellow. He had been to Harrow and Oxford, and drew friends around him by the score. As he drove them home from the station in his dog-cart, he was in the habit of admonishing them somewhat in this fashion:

"Now, if you want to get into the governor's good graces, just address him as 'Sir Peter' as often as you can get the name in. Also don't fail to ask him how much he gave for his house, and what it costs to keep the stables going. And be sure to speak of me at least once a day as his successor to the title—that shows, do you see, we're none of your paltry City knights—and the governor will decide you're one of the best of fellows going."

But Sir Peter's ambition flew higher than Leo's friends, and aimed at filling his house with Leo's friends' fathers, and mothers, and uncles, and aunts. They were not so easy to get at, however, and in response to Sir Peter's invitation, written in Miss Miles's best hand, there had come a succession of refusals. "Thanks—regrets—previous engagements."

"We'll not discuss—a—these letters at lunch, Miss Miles," Sir Peter went on to say, as he carefully tore them into small morsels before committing them to the waste-paper basket. "Leo has an unfortunate habit—you may have noticed it—of passing blunt remarks upon my friends which I do not approve of, before the servants." Which remark, it may be noted, was Sir Peter's manner of expressing the fact that Leo had an unfortunate habit of seeing the ridiculous side of things, and that, no doubt, he would not neglect the opportunity of making capital out of twenty-two refusals arriving by the morning's post.

"Ah, Leo was always a spoiled boy," said Miss Miles deprecatingly.

"Sometimes I think it would be as well that he and Fan should marry and settle down without farther delay," the old gentleman said musingly. Which remark, it may also be noted, was Sir Peter's method of expressing the fact that sometimes Leo's fun was a little too much for him.

Miss Miles was thoroughly of Sir Peter's opinion long before luncheon was over that day. The meal began badly. Leo settled himself comfortably at table between pretty Fan and stout Miss Miles, with her nondescript features, neat grey hair, stiff silk gown, and fluttering lace lappets.

"Let me see," he began, looking up and down the length of the table, "we shall want at least three yards more of mahogany let in here next week, when our numerous and distinguished friends begin to arrive. Or will you have the table turned into a T, father, and let Royalty, as represented by the Lord Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace who are coming, sit with you at the upper end?"

Sir Peter was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, and grew very red in the face.

"It's the curry. Cook must have put in whole pepper instead of cayenne," suggested Miss Miles apologetically.

Leo turned to the butler:

"Saunders, take a message from me to the cook. Say that next week, when the Lord Lieutenants and the Justices of the Peace sit down to our table, whole pepper is on no account to be put into the curry instead of cayenne. Don't, Miss Miles, my feet are tender. You must have double-soled boots on."

This, in acknowledgement of Miss Miles's unseen though vigorous efforts to put him to silence.

"They're not coming," roared Sir Peter at him between his fits of coughing.

"Never mind, the message can go down," continued Leo calmly. "We shall have a trio of General Officers and a brace of Colonels at least, and they're uncommonly particular about their curries—especially when they get upon the Retired List. Ah, take care, that'll go the wrong way." This was addressed to Sir Peter, who suddenly seemed seized with a fit of thirst, and was taking long and frequent draughts from his glass of claret.

Sir Peter cleared his throat loudly once or twice.

"I should condemn that claret—it's acid—before the distinguished on the Retired List arrive. They're just as particular about their claret as they are about their curries," Leo began.

"They're not coming," again roared Sir Peter at him, and then he set off coughing again.

"I knew it would go the wrong way," Leo went on calmly as before. "Don't try to frown at me in that threatening manner, Fan. A frown isn't your style at all. You can no more frown than you can flirt."

Now to tell a pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired damsel that a frown sits awry on her face is no insult. But to imply that flirtation would come equally amiss to her, is to cast a slur either upon her capabilities or upon the use she has made of her opportunities for distinguishing herself.

Fan gave a quick upward look into Leo's face, which said as plainly as words could say it: "Give me the chance, and—you'll see."

But her lips said nothing. Sir Peter was at that moment to have his innings. The afternoon post, just then brought in by Saunders, among other missives brought one with a crest—a stag's head surmounted by a coronet.

Sir Peter pounced upon this letter at once, read it through at first hurriedly, expecting that "compliments" and "regrets" would, as before, greet his eye; complacently a second time, when he found that two out of his many invited guests had accepted his invitation; and triumphantly the third time, when he felt that Leo's eyes, Fan's eyes, Miss Miles's eyes were turned expectantly in his direction.

He cleared his throat.

"The Earl of Exmoor and his daughter, the Lady Joan——" he began pompously.

"Good goodness, where are we going now?" Leo ejaculated.

"Have much pleasure in accepting my polite invitation for Easter week."

"Is that the Temperance Earl, who conducts the Bands of Hope about the kingdom, and has started a League for boycotting public-houses?" asked Leo. "Saunders," he called after the retreating figure of the butler, "when the Earl sits down to our table next week, take care that a decanter of toast-and-water is always at his Earlship's elbow, and on no account offer him either sherry or champagne."

"There's my peacock come for his dinner," said Fan, jumping up from the table, and taking with her a plate of fruit and bread-crumbs to the long French window, where stood the brilliant bird pecking at the glass.

Leo followed her.

"Fan," he whispered, as in turns he helped her feed or tease her pet, "when we two are married we won't live in a big, staring new house like this"—here he glanced somewhat contemptuously at the sumptuous furniture and decorations of the spacious dining-room—"but we'll just creep into a comfortable little cottage. Ten rooms and good stabling is all we can possibly want."

And Fan demurely assented that "ten rooms and good stabling" were all that they could possibly want.

At the self-same moment Sir Peter and Miss Miles, still seated at table, were discussing the same event. The father's eye followed the son and intended daughter-in-law with not a little pride. Leo was not a son to be ashamed of. It was matter for congratulation that Sir Peter had not transmitted to him his own short, thick-set figure, small eyes and nose. Leo, no doubt, got his height, his curly chestnut hair, and dark, expressive eyes, from that girl-mother who, five-and-twenty years ago, had been laid in her grave. A little sadness shadowed the father's look of pride as he turned to Miss Miles and said:

"When Leo and Fan are married, the house will seem very dull and quiet."

"Exactly, Sir Peter; I was just about to make the same remark."

"Leo has told me right out that he means to have a separate establishment. Well, it's no use fighting against the inevitable. The better plan is to look it fairly in the face, and see what one can do for the best."

Miss Miles looked up at him inquiringly. His tone of voice seemed to imply that he was leading up to something that had to be said. Now Miss Miles had her own idea as to what ought to happen when Leo and Fan were married. Could it by any possibility coincide with Sir Peter's at the present moment? Her heart went fluttering.

Sir Peter's next words made it flutter faster.

"Now many men in my position, dreading a lonely life, would make fools of themselves and marry the first young girl they could get to have them; but I'm not likely to do that, eh, Miss Miles?"

Miss Miles felt all her color go into her face. The table was a long one; she was seated half-way down, so she raised her voice to answer.

"At your time of life! I should think not, indeed, Sir Peter."

Sir Peter drew himself up with dignity.

"At my time of life! I'm not an infirm old man, I hope—only just the other side of sixty! Do you mean to say you think I'm too far on in life to marry again, eh, Miss Miles?"

"I? Good gracious, no!" cried Miss Miles energetically. "You are younger than many men are at fifty. Why, I've known men at eight-and-forty look older than you. Try some of this jelly, Sir Peter. You've only made half a lunch, what with Leo's fun and the letters coming in."

Here Miss Miles took possession of the jelly dish, left her place at the table, and, seated in Fan's vacant chair, proceeded to help Sir Peter.

Fan looked mischievously over her shoulder at the two.

"I believe she's making love to him," she whispered to Leo.

"Let's leave her to it," whispered Leo back. "Poor old dear! she has warmed his slippers and laughed at his jokes for the past fifteen years; I don't see why she shouldn't do it for another fifteen years if she's so disposed. Come out for a drive, Fan; it's a heavenly day." So the two left the room together.

"As I was saying," Sir Peter went on between his morsels of jelly, "I'm not likely to make a fool of myself by marrying a miss in her teens."

"They are so flighty—think only of dress and flirtation and dancing."

"Well, it isn't so much what they do think of that I find fault with, as what they do not. Now a man at my time of life likes to have his tastes and likings considered in his meals——"

"Ah, many a good night's rest it has cost me thinking of what I should order for the next day's luncheon or dinner," put in Miss Miles softly.

"Exactly; but one would hardly expect a girl, say of seventeen, to lose a night's rest with thinking over the next day's dinner. But, you see, when they're turned——"

"Forty-five?" put in Miss Miles. She had stopped at forty-five years ago.

"Well, I don't think they need be quite so far on as that."

"Ah, he thinks I'm younger. I'll be forty-two next time he asks my age," thought Miss Miles.

"But, after all," Sir Peter went on, "it's a question of character as much as age. Now a woman of a kind, affectionate disposition, with——"

"A talent for housekeeping," suggested Miss Miles.

"Exactly; and an even temper may make every whit as good a wife at thirty years of age as another at forty without those desirable qualities. No more jelly, thank you, Miss Miles. Now, will you be kind enough to go into the library and fetch me the 'Peerage'? I've a very strong reason for wishing to find out the age of the Lady Joan."

* * * * * *

"The old order changes, the plutocracy is paramount; we must bend to the new order of things," the Earl of Exmoor had said to his daughter when he wrote his acceptance of Sir Peter's invitation. "This man holds all the mortgages of my Buckinghamshire property, and within a year he can foreclose unless I pay up arrears. It's of no use, Joan; you must give up Eckersley and all thoughts of love in a country vicarage. This Sir Peter Witney is a widower. You understand what I mean, I hope, without my having to go into details. You had better write to Eckersley; put it as kindly as you can, but make him understand that it will be better for you both that your engagement should come to an end now."

Lord Exmoor had succeeded to his title, and a heavily-encumbered estate, somewhat late in life. He was a man of great personal dignity, with manners, people said, that were not only starched but well-ironed, they were so smooth and polished in their stiffness.

Years ago some one had told him he greatly resembled—making due allowance for discrepancy in years—the Emperor of Germany. Ever since then Lord Exmoor's stateliness had become more stately, his seriousness more serious, and he had gone in largely for big schemes for benefiting "the masses" by means of Temperance Leagues, tracts, and tea-parties.

Lady Joan was a dutiful daughter, with a great respect for her father's whims and wishes. But her love for her lover must have outweighed her respect for her father, for she said to herself as she gave orders for her boxes to be packed, "I won't write to Eckersley till I come back from Witney Hall, and, oh dear! I do so wish this Sir Peter Witney were a widow instead of a widower, so that father could make him the Countess at once, and so settle affairs for himself."

Sir Peter awaited the arrival of his distinguished guests with not a little trepidation. At first he had said to himself, after he had received the acceptance of his invitation, "Now it was a capital idea of mine to get an invitation into the Earl's hands through his lawyer's by means of mine. I'll get the notification of his visit into all the leading papers here, and then I'll like to know who will dare turn up his nose at me, and call me Old Rabbit-Skins."

But as time went on, and the day of arrival drew nearer, his courage began to ooze. "I wish I knew a little more how they carry on in aristocratic circles," he soliloquized, as he smoked his cigar over his morning's paper. "Now Leo could give me a good many useful hints if he liked; he has stayed in ever so many good houses, and knows all the ins and outs of fashionable life. But if I ask him for a word of advice it'll just set his mischievous

brain going, and he'll tell me the Earls and the Countesses go to bed in their coronets and bangles, and such like nonsense. I know I shall have to take the Lady Joan in to dinner every night—that I'm quite sure about. And I remember Alderman Bury; he has passed the chair and knows all about these things, saying that colloquially the title of Earl is dropped, and so I suppose I must address him as Lord Exmoor. Ah! and there's another thing, I remember Bury told me, that I was to be sure and receive my guests myself if they were at all distinguished. Now I've forgotten where he said I ought to stand to receive them; whether it was at the foot of the stairs, or at the head of the stairs, or at the inner hall door just behind the butler. I must think it all out and arrange the details carefully. A first impression is everything, and I wouldn't like the Lady Joan to think that one must be born with a handle to one's name to know manners."

So it came to pass that when Lord Exmoor and Lady Joan stepped from their carriage on to the doorstep of Witney Hall, two "match footmen," gorgeous in buff and crimson plush, stood one on either side of the doorway, a serious-looking man in black stood behind them, and another serious-looking man, also in black, behind him.

The first two individuals Lord Exmoor passed without a look, to the third he gave his name, at the fourth, who was occupied in making a very low bow, he stared blankly.

"Ah, a house steward, perhaps," he said to himself; "or they may have a way of keeping two butlers in these new houses, goodness only knows."

The bowing individual bowed again, backing as he went towards the door of one of the reception rooms. "Delighted to see you, my lord—Lord Exmoor," he said with every bow he made. But as his words were spoken with his face very much downwards, the Turkey rugs which covered the hall had the benefit of them, not Lord Exmoor.

"That will do, my good man," said the Earl, as Sir Peter's last bow landed the party well within the comfortable library. "Now will you go and tell your master I am here?"

Sir Peter straightened his back, grew crimson in the face, took out his pocket-handkerchief and rubbed his forehead hard.

Lady Joan was too quick-witted not to see her father's mistake, and too kind-hearted not to try to atone for it. She threw a good deal of warmth into her greeting of Sir Peter, and began talking very fast about the pretty country road they had driven down on their way from the station.

Fan came forward to be introduced, Leo followed.

"Blunders will arise," said the Earl, as he gave two fingers to the young man. "I was mistaken once for a man very much my inferior in station—a commoner, in fact."

Leo put his chin on a level with the Earl's grey hair.

"Ah," he said, "a worse thing happened to me! Once I was mistaken for an aristocrat! I nearly shook the life out of the man who made the blunder."

The Earl stared at him for a moment. Then he turned to Fan, and in dignified, courtly fashion began to question her as to her pursuits and likings, and the way in which she passed her time in the country.

"The women in this class of life are generally superior to the men," he said to his daughter later on in the day, when he found himself alone with her. "That young fellow with the clownish manners will never get beyond his father's tan-yard."

Dinner that night was a dreary affair. Sir Peter was very ill at ease. Dinner had been ordered "a la russe," in order to give them leisure—as Sir Peter had explained to Saunders — for conversation. Well, the leisure was there, but the conversation was not.

Lady Joan was tall, pale and slender; her neck had a peculiarly graceful bend to it; she appeared to be always leaning towards you in a listening attitude. "She looks like a snowdrop on a frosty morning," thought Leo, as he seated himself opposite to her at table. "She'd make a capital listener, if there were anything to listen to."

Fan did the greater part of the talking. She came out in a manner which surprised, and did not altogether please, Leo. She chatted away to Lord Exmoor as if she had known him all her life. "It was to make up for your cross looks," she explained to Leo afterwards: "and really I do admire his quiet, dignified way of speaking, and the courtly manner he has of showing you attention. When he picked up my fan and presented it to me, it was a positive act of adoration. He bent so low that it took him a good three minutes to get his back straight again."

"Ah, that should be laid to the account of his rheumatism, not of his politeness," said Leo ill-naturedly. And then he went off by himself to his "den," and did not go near the drawing-room that evening until five minutes before bedtime.

That five minutes was five minutes too much for him. As he entered the room his eye lighted upon Fan, seated beside Lord Exmoor on a sofa facing the door. Fan was an authority upon palmistry. She was carefully scrutinizing the Earl's thin white hand, which lay between her two pretty plump ones.

"Yours is a beautiful hand," he heard Fan saying as he entered. "Your fingers are in exact proportion to your hand—neither too long nor too short. Your forefinger inclines to the left—away from your thumb—that means generosity."

"Don't forget, Fan, that a spade-shaped thumbs mean villainy," said Leo as he passed. And as he said it he devoutly hoped that the Earl owned to an indubitable spade-thumb on each hand.

Then his ear caught a remnant of his father's talk. The drawing-room at Witney Hall was superb alike in its dimensions and decorations. Sir Peter, side by side with Lady Joan, was making the round of it. A stranger might have thought he was showing her the pictures. Leo knew better. "I wonder how often women wish they had the right to tell men to go to Jericho," he thought as Sir Peter's words fell upon his ear.

"This Lincrusta Walton," the old gentleman was saying, "which forms the dado of this room, cost me exactly double what it costs anybody else. It was made to my order, and has three times as much gold-leaf on it as that supplied to Royalty. And this curtain," here he picked up a corner of the satin curtain which rested on the floor, "cost every shilling of twenty-five guineas a yard, that means fourteen shillings and sevenpence an inch!"

Miss Miles, in solitary grandeur, sat in a big armchair beside the fire. Her hands lay in her lap, her untouched embroidery beside her. She was conjugating her pluperfect tenses a little sadly, not a doubt. "I might have been, he might have been, we might have been — so happy!" Leo could read in the lines and puckers of her forehead and mouth.

He nodded his good-night to her and vanished.

* * * * * *

Easter week was a wet one that year. Now a wet week in a big country-house is a fine test of character, more especially if that country-house is but scantily supplied with guests, and those guests are but scantily supplied with amusements. People develop into the good or the evil geniuses of the community in exact proportion to their capacity for "keeping things going."

Leo's talents in that respect seemed suddenly to have come to a halt; it was Fan who showed herself to be the good fairy of the family. Lord Exmoor seemed to be particularly fascinated by her pretty, demure ways and bright flow of fun. Lady Joan, to Leo's fancy, seemed to lose no opportunity of throwing the two together. Sometimes it would be, "That lovely water-color drawing you showed me yesterday! Will you mind my father seeing it?"

And then the Earl would spin out a succession of stately compliments to Fan over one of her sketches. Or it would be, "That sweet little song that you sang to me this morning! May I fetch my father to hear you sing it?—he adores music," and then the compliments and smiles would be exchanged over the grand piano.

Lady Joan, with thoughts still full of that cherished country vicarage—and its vicar—saw possibly a way of reconciling duty with the wishes of her heart, by a marriage between the impecunious Earl and the ward of the prosperous holder of the Buckinghamshire mortgages. "It would be every bit as good as my sacrificing myself to the rich old widower," she thought. "He will be sure to be lenient to us, no matter whether he becomes father-in-law to my father, or my father is father-in-law to him! And oh, what a load off my mind!"

It should be stated that Lady Joan, though she set to work with a will at her plots, and took care to keep her father's mind at rest by encouraging every one of Sir Peter's attentions to herself, was yet withal an innocent plotter. Of Leo and Fan's engagement to each other she knew nothing.

Leo had never yet acted the part of a jealous lover. It was quite a new experience for him to be perpetually haunted with a desire to lock up Fan in a cupboard, or to trip up the old Earl as he came downstairs in the morning with slow and stately step.

Sir Peter only threw, as it were, a cursory glance at his aristocratic guest's flirtation with his ward.

"Of course there's nothing in it," he said to Leo, upon which Leo muttered a gruff "so much the better for him." "And," Sir Peter went on to say, "of course it's an absurd thing for a man at his time of life to be making eyes at a young girl like Fan. If he could only have seen himself last night bending over her, and turning over the leaves of her music, for all the world like a young fellow of five-and-twenty! I spoke to Fan afterwards, and asked her how she could allow him to make himself so ridiculous, and her answer was that 'she liked it.' Now, Leo, can you tell me what she meant by that? I'm quite at a loss."

Leo professed himself to be quite at a loss also.

"One thing is clear," Sir Peter went on, "the man can have no sense of humor, or he wouldn't make himself a laughing-stock in this fashion."

"Ah, if he were not so thick-skinned he would have seen the admirable manner in which you took him off last night," said Leo.

"I took him off!"

"Yes, when you crossed the room—so—on the tips of your toes, with Lady Joan's teacup in your hand, and presenting it with a low bow, assured her your Dresden felt honored by the touch of her lips."

Here Leo reproduced Sir Peter's little pantomime of over-night.

Sir Peter grew red in the face. "Bless my soul! I did nothing of the sort. My attentions to Lady Joan, I assure you, are offered in all seriousness, and are—are quite another thing."

"Oh, no doubt. Quite another thing."

"In the first place, there's a considerable difference between my age and his."

"I should think so, indeed! Eighteen months if there's a day!"

"Eighteen months! There's a good three years' difference, at least. What do you mean by eighteen months? And, in addition, there's a considerable difference between Fan's age and Lady Joan's. I say, Leo," here the old gentleman's face grew conscious and rubicund, "what should you say to Lady Joan for a stepmother, eh?"

He enforced the question by a dig in Leo's ribs, and an odd little noise which certain jovial old gentlemen are in the habit of making when the joke they relate is a good one. It seemed entirely composed of k's, and recalled nothing so much as the subdued explosion of a cracker between the back teeth.

Leo was startled, but he did not show it. "A mother-in-law!" he repeated. "Oh, well, I suppose she's young enough. I dare say she's about two or three-and-twenty."

"Two or three-and-twenty! She's turned twenty-five! I've looked her out in the 'Peerage.' Now, don't you think it would be a capital match for me to make; wealth on my side, rank on hers; mortgages comfortably adjusted for the good of the family; the county generally making a rush at me for introductions to my wife and my wife's father! I say, Leo," here the old gentleman's voice dropped a little, "I do wish the father were a little less of an icicle, though—I can't get at him. I wish he would drop a little of his stiff, starched manners in the home circle!"

"Do you call him 'stiff starch'?"

"Well, I don't know what else to call that poker-up-the-back way he has of coming into a room and taking a chair. You haven't noticed it? My dear boy, what have you noticed, I should like to know, if you haven't noticed that?"

"The impression he gives me is that of a man who would like to be genial and free-and-easy, if you'd only let him."

"If I'd only let him!"

"Yes, I mean it. If I were a stranger in the house here—didn't know you, I mean—I should certainly say to myself, 'Now what has that poor old Earl done that Sir Peter Witney keeps him at such a distance?'"

"I keep him at a distance! Good goodness, it's he who keeps me at arm's length!"

"Ah, that's the mistake you make. Your manner to him is unlike what it is to any other of your friends. You must admit that."

"Ah, well, I suppose it is. Between ourselves, Leo, I never see him come into a room but what I get a creepy sort of feeling down my back, and want to get out of it as fast as possible."

"Exactly. Your manner shows it. Now, if instead of the uncomfortable politeness you are always showing him, you'd just behave to him as you do to Alderman Bury or your other old friends—slap him on the back now and then and call him 'my dear fellow'—you'd put things on a different footing at once."

"Do you really think so, Leo?"

"I do indeed. Now that little dig in the ribs you gave me just now, and that little cracker-like noise between your teeth, would come in very well in one of your funny little stories, just before the joke comes in. What was that anecdote I heard you relating the other day, about the man who put the whole of a grouse on his plate at one of your civic dinners? Tell it him to-night after dinner in the drawing-room, and don't forget the dig in the ribs and the cracker between your teeth."

Sir Peter thought well over Leo's counsel, came to the conclusion that there was "something in it," and that very night, after dinner was over, he made the effort to carry it into effect. An effort? It would be more correct to say a succession of efforts, for it cost the old gentleman two or three hours' hard thinking and his appetite for his dinner before he could make up his mind how, when and where he should fasten upon the Earl, and begin the little story of the man who helped himself to a whole grouse. Leo guessed where his father's thoughts were wandering, as he noticed him rubbing his forehead hard once or twice with his pocket-handkerchief, giving contradictory orders to the butler, and drinking—for him, that is—an extraordinary amount of champagne.

But Leo, for all his plotting, only came in for the tag-end of the fun. After dinner he went off to his "den" again, and entered the drawing-room only just in time to see his father, with a very red face, standing close to the Earl with a very white one, and "Good gracious, how could he!" written plainly on the faces of every one of the three ladies present.

Lord Exmoor's stature seemed slowly increasing in height at the rate of an inch a minute. He looked up at the wall high over Sir Peter's head, slightly, very slightly, shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel, and walked away.

"It is what one might expect in these houses," was his mental comment on Sir Peter's story of the man who helped himself to the whole grouse.

Fan, no doubt by way of making amends for Sir Peter's undue familiarity, came forward. "Will you like me to sing that little ballad I sang to you last night?" she asked, looking up very sweetly into his face; and the Earl thawed into a deferential courtesy at once.

Sir Peter walked away in the other direction, his face getting redder and redder.

"I've done it, Leo," he whispered, "just as you told me; and—and—I don't think he liked it."

"Nonsense," said Leo, "that's his way of listening. Try again. Tell him a better story next time, with a little more action."

Fan finished her song, and looked up again in Lord Exmoor's face.

"I'm sure you could sing if you liked," she said. "Now confess. I've ever so many songs that would suit a man's voice: 'Juanita,' 'Sweethearts,' 'Never to Know!'"

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"I never sang a song in my life. Once I used to play the guitar. That was years ago when I was living in Seville. Ah, I can remember—no, I don't think I will tell you what I used to do in the hot summer nights at Seville."

"I know," cried Fan; "you used to serenade the ladies under their windows. Oh, how lovely to be woke up with music on a hot summer's night! I have a guitar; see if you can remember one of your old serenades on it! Oh, Leo, do get my guitar for me. I left it on the window-seat in the hall."

"Couldn't possibly, Fan. I'm just going to hold this skein of silk for Miss Miles," said Leo, going down on his knees and picking up that lady's embroidery basket, much to her astonishment.

So Fan had to ring for her guitar, and while it was being fetched, kept repeating, over and over again, "How lovely it would be to be serenaded on a hot summer's night!"

"I did a little in that way once," said Sir Peter to Lady Joan rather shyly. "I remember, when I was about twenty years of age, falling desperately in love with a young lady at one of the big boarding-schools a little outside the town where I lived. She dared me to come and serenade her on her birthday night. I did it—climbed the garden-wall, and sang 'The Maid of Lodi' under the window she had told me was hers. But it was her governess's! I shall never forget my feelings when the window opened, and the elderly spinster put her head out and told me to be off or she'd send for the police."

Fan twanged at the guitar-strings and held it out to the Earl.

He shook his head.

"No, I wouldn't make myself ridiculous by playing out of tune."

Lady Joan looked up sweetly at Sir Peter.

"Don't you think you could remember a verse or two of 'The Maid of Lodi' if you tried. I know the air; I could play your accompaniment."

"Well, I don't mind trying," said Sir Peter, clearing his throat and going to the piano.

Evidently he did not mind, for he sang the whole song from beginning to end, and would have complied with an encore had one been given him.

And after that, Lord Exmoor threw Fan into raptures with a serenade from "Don Pasquale" on the guitar.

"Well, this beats all," thought Leo; "I'll take it out of those two old gentlemen properly by-and-by." Then aloud to Miss Miles he said: "Miss Miles, why should you and I be left out of all the fun in this fashion? If you'll allow me I'll hold every one of your skeins of silk in succession—I believe there are about six-and-thirty at the bottom of your basket. No, thank you; I won't sit down, I'll kneel here—my proper place—on the carpet at your feet."

And he made such desperate love to her for the rest of the evening, that the worthy lady did not know whether to feel flattered or affronted.

That night, when Lord Exmoor retired to his room, he found a dainty little missive, in pretty, feminine writing, pinned on his toilet-cushion. With not a little curiosity he opened it, and read as follows:

"Your lovely music is in my ears still. Ah, those fortunate ladies at Seville! What would I not give to be awakened by melody between two and three in the morning! My guitar lies upon the grand piano; my room is exactly over the drawing-room on the north side of the house. The shutters of the drawing-room are but lightly barred, and there are no bells attached."

"F."

Sir Peter also, that night, as he kicked off his boots beside his bedroom fire, had his attention suddenly arrested by a tiny sealed note on his mantelpiece. On opening it he read as follows:

"Your 'Maid of Lodi' will haunt me to my dying day! I would give worlds to be awakened by it—as that ogress of a schoolmistress was—in the dark of a spring morning! I did not like to mention the fact to you in the drawing-room to-night, but this is the eve of my birthday! I am always very wakeful between one and two o'clock. My room, as you know, is immediately over the library, on the south side of the house."

"J."

And at the very moment that these two old gentlemen were perusing these insinuating missives, Leo, in his "den" on an upper floor, was settling himself into an easy chair for a comfortable cigar.

"Now I flatter myself," he was saying, "that I've done the thing very neatly—handwriting and composition included. Now will they rise to the bait?—that's the question. Good-bye to their reputation for gallantry if they back out of it! And it means flannel nightcaps and gruel for a fortnight if they go in for it. There's a lovely east wind blowing to-night!"

* * * * * *

Leo was not allowed to enjoy his cigar many minutes in peace. There came a rap

at his door, and in response to his "Come in," Saunders entered.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," he said, "but just as I was going to bed, Lord Exmoor's valet came down to me and said that my lord had been seized with a sudden attack of gout, and would be glad to know if there were any acetic acid in the house?"

"Gout! What a brilliant idea! I admire his ingenuity!" cried Leo.

"Sir?" said Saunders.

"Oh, you must go to Sir Peter for the acid," Leo resumed. "He always keeps a few bottles handy in his own room. I dare say he's in his first sweet sleep, and you'll get something thrown at your head, but that won't matter much."

But Sir Peter was a good way off his first sweet sleep. He was still standing over his fire, staring at the note he held in his hand, and listening to the east wind which moaned in his chimney.

The demand for acetic acid at his door brought an idea in its train.

"Gout, by all that's glorious!" he said to himself. "Now, if it had only attacked me instead of him, it would have helped me neatly out of this dilemma. But why shouldn't it attack me as well as him, I should like to know? We each ate the same dinner to-night, and drank the same wine. Bravo, Saunders!" he cried aloud, "tell my lord I'm very sorry, but I want every bottle I have for my own immediate use——" then he stopped himself all in a hurry. "No," he cogitated, rubbing his chin, "that won't do either. Leo would get that confounded doctor into the house to-morrow, and it would mean toast and water and sago pudding for a month. Besides, it would bring the fact of my sixty years unpleasantly before the Lady Joan, and might frighten her off at once."

Saunders put his head in at the door. "Did you say you was taken bad too, Sir Peter?" he asked.

"No, no," said Sir Peter hurriedly, "a little twinge—nothing to speak of—I shall sleep it off. Take the bottles, they're in that cupboard. In for a penny, in for a pound," he groaned, as Saunders departed with the lotion. "Gruel and poultices wouldn't be any worse than toast and water and sago, and the honor and the glory of the thing ought to count for something. Perhaps, too, in a fur coat, and with something tied over my head, I may defy even the east wind."

Leo puffed away at his cigars. The house gradually settled itself into the deep silence of night.

Half-past twelve struck. "Now I wonder if he'll suddenly develop small-pox or measles, by way of getting out of the difficulty," thought Leo. One o'clock struck. "By Jove, he's going to back out of it," he said to himself. Half-past one struck, and then there came the sound of a door cautiously opening, and of a stealthy step descending the stairs. "By Jove, he's going in for it," cried the young man. "I adore his pluck!"

Slowly on tip-toes a dark figure, with a night-lamp in its hand, made its way along the gallery, off which the bedrooms opened, to the top of the stairs—a wide, noble flight lighted from above by a corona, which it was the habit of the house to keep burning throughout the night.

The dark figure was clad in a long fur coat, and about its head and shoulders was wound a blanket in the fashion of an opera cloak. Leo followed it cautiously at a safe distance. As Sir Peter, having drawn back the bolts of the hall-door, passed out into the night, shading his lamp from the east wind, Leo stepped swiftly out of the shadows where he stood, and with a noiseless hand securely bolted and barred the door once more.

"Now," he said, "I'm off to bed as fast as possible, and it's a question who'll wake up first, Saunders or I. Of course, to-morrow morning my story will be clear enough. I sat up late writing letters, went down to the smoking-room to fetch something I had forgotten, saw the hall-door unfastened, and, naturally enough, barred and bolted it. It's the one who's shut out who'll have to account for himself."

But Leo did not get to bed so soon as he thought he would. As he entered the gallery off which his bedroom opened, he heard a sudden noise, a rush, a flutter and scamper, "as of ten thousand rats let loose," he told Fan afterwards—and Lady Joan came flying towards him dressed in a long blue dressing gown, with her front hair done up with gilt crimping-pins. Close on her heels followed Fan in a pink dressing-gown, with her front hair done up in tiny white curling-papers.

"Burglars!" gasped Lady Joan. "There's a man under my windows—something woke me—it sounded like a pebble against the glass—I looked out and saw a dark figure moving—I called to Fan."

"Oh, Leo," cried Fan, catching hold of his arm, "there may be ever so many men round the house. Oh do, do take care of us!"

"No," said Leo, holding her very tightly, "I won't take care of you. You're an atrocious little flirt. I'll take care of Lady Joan, I'll take care of Miss Miles——"

But at this moment Miss Miles made her appearance at the farther end of the gallery. She had on a scarlet flannel dressing-gown, with a pocket-handkerchief tied over her head.

"What did you say? Burglars?" she exclaimed. "Has no one any presence of mind?" and before any one could stop her she was down the stairs, and, with the air of a Norma, had sounded the big dinner gong.

It was answered immediately by sounds of movement all over the house. Saunders came stumbling up from his sleeping apartment below stairs. Footmen, not in livery—maids, not in caps and aprons, swarmed from other quarters, and Leo, looking upwards from the gallery where he stood, with Fan and Lady Joan on either side of him, caught sight of Lord Exmoor's dignified head and shoulders bending over a balustrade a floor higher.

"My lord," he cried, "I should get back to bed again as fast as possible. Gout driven inwards is likely to prove fatal!"

Suddenly, in the midst of all this bub-bub, there came a tremendous assault on the hall-door, which set all the bolts rattling, while a voice outside demanded admission.

"Why, there must be a troop of them; they must be armed," cried Fan.

"Why, it's Sir Peter's voice," said Miss Miles from below; "what in the world is he doing out there at this time of night, I wonder?"

And Miss Miles, unlocking the hall-door, admitted the master of the house, in his fur coat, with the blanket about his head and shoulders.

Without a word he passed her, making straight for the big staircase, where the maids looked down upon him from above and the men looked up at him from below, and where stood his son and heir and the two ladies waiting to receive him.

"What's all this confounded noise about?" he asked irritably, as he came along. "Why are you all out of your beds at this time of night, I should like to know? I opened my window half an hour ago to look at the stars in general—Mars in particular you may have noticed it is very bright to-night. I let fall my signet ring—it always hangs a little loose on my finger; I put on a wrap to go down and look for it, and, o and behold, someone bolts me out, and someone else sets off screaming, and someone else sounds the dinner gong! What—what on earth does it all mean?"

Here a loud sneeze prevented further exclamation.

"I'll tell you what it means, Sir Peter, for some of us who are not so young as they were," said Miss Miles severely; "it means gruel and flannel night caps, and possibly linseed poultices into the bargain, for a week to come."

And so it did; for Sir Peter, at any rate.

That was to be an eventful week. It saw the departure of Lord Exmoor and Lady Joan.

"My attack of gout threatens to be a sharp one. I must get back to my own doctor as soon as possible," the Earl explained to Leo. But to Lady Joan he said: "After all, I think the lawyers can arrange for an extension of the mortgage far better than I can. And—and you needn't write to Eckersley. He is a gentleman, at any rate, and you might do worse."

And to himself he said: "I shall be thankful enough to see the last of these people. In houses of this sort one never knows what is going to happen; they might be asking me to dance a horn-pipe the next thing."

Before the week was out, too, Fan confessed her penitence to Leo in her own fashion.

"If you'll only admit, Leo," she said, "that I can flirt just as nicely as other young ladies, I'll promise never to do it again."

To which Leo replied:

"You won't get a chance, Fan. I've seen the ten room cottage with good stabling,' and you know what that means."

And during that week Miss Miles kept Sir Peter supplied with such delicious gruel and lovely linseed poultices, that, on the first day he came downstairs, he said, addressing her, for the first time in his life, by her Christian name:

"Tabitha, after all, I think fifty matches sixty better than five-and-twenty does. What do you say?"

To which Miss Miles replied:

"Exactly, Sir Peter; I was just about to make the same remark."

THE THROWING OF RICE.

A Chinese paper gives the following version of the origin of the custom of throwing rice at weddings.

In the days of the Shang dynasty, some 1,500 years before Christ, there lived in the province of Shan-si, a most famous sorcerer called Chao. It happened one day that a Mr. Pang came to consult the oracle, and Chao, having divined by means of a tortoise diagram, informed the trembling Pang that he had but six days to live. In such a strait, it is not to be wondered at that Pang should repair to another source to make sure that there was no mistake.

To the fair Peachblossom he went, a young lady who had acquired no mean reputation as a sorceress, and to the tender feminine heart unfolded the story of his woe. Her divination yielded the same result as Chao's; in six days Pang should die, unless, by the exercise of her magical powers, she could avert the catastrophe. Her efforts were successful, and on the seventh day great was Chao's astonishment, and still greater were his mortification and rage, when he met Pang taking his evening stroll and learned that there lived a greater magician than he.

The story would soon get about, and, unless he could quickly put an end to his fair rival's existence, his reputation would be ruined. And this was how Chao plotted against the life of Peachblossom:

He sent a go-between to Peachblossom's parents to inquire if their daughter was still unmarried, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he befooled the simple parents into believing that he had a son who was seeking a wife, and ultimately he induced them to engage her to him in marriage. The marriage cards were duly interchanged; but the crafty Chao had chosen the most unlucky day he could select for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant. Surely as the bride entered the red chair the spirit would destroy her with his powerful beak. But the wise Peachblossom knew all these things and feared not. "I will go," she said; "I will fight him and defeat him." When the wedding morning came she gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit bird, seeing, made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped in the bridal chair and passed on her way unharmed.

And now the ingenious reader knows why he throws rice after the bride. If any interest has been engendered in his breast by this tale of the fair Peachblossom, let him read what befell her at the house of the magician.

Arrived at Chao's house, no bridegroom was there, but an attendant was given her, and the two girls prepared to pass the night in the room assigned to them. Peachblossom was wakeful, for she knew that when the night passed the "Golden Pheasant" would be succeeded by the evil star of the "White Tiger," whose power and ferocity who can tell? "Go you to bed first," she said to the maid. The girl was soon asleep, but her mistress slept not, but continued to pace the room, and at midnight the tiger spirit came, and the morning light showed Peachblossom still pacing the room, while on the bed lay the lifeless body of the little maid.

Thus were the magic battles of Peachblossom and Chao, and many more were there, until they took their flight to heaven, where now they reign as gods.

OUR WOMEN.—We are often twitted as a nation, with the fact that our women, beautiful as they are in the first years of womanhood, have not sufficient stamina to keep their good looks when the cares of matrimony arrive. One reason given is that American women never take walking exercise, and here is a lady writing to a Southern paper that there is no reason why the average woman should not add ten-fold to her enjoyment of life and out-of-door living by cultivating the noble art of walking. "A delicate woman, properly dressed, and who knows how to walk, can do ten miles of a summer afternoon without injury, when an equivalent amount of some other exercise might produce serious injury.

Walking is the natural and normal exercise, and hurts no woman who sets rightly about it. A woman who is unaccustomed to vigorous walking in order to become a good pedestrian should look first to her shoes. These should be broad across the forward part of the foot, offering not the least obstruction to the free movement of the toes. The heel should be low and broad, and the shoe should fit rather snugly about the heel and instep. The full dress equipment should weigh, on honest scales, not more than two and a half or three pounds, and should hang from the shoulders, without any band, or being pinned, or buttoned, or laced about the waist. No woman can walk in a corset. The walker must be comfortable enough to be unconscious of her attire. A hat that shades the eyes is in order.

So prepared, try any distance that does not prove fatiguing as an initial experiment. It will probably be from a mile and a half to two miles, and must be walked at a good pace—three miles and a half an hour being a good limit. When this can be done without backache or foot-weariness, and a well woman ought to have no difficulty at her first trial, increase the distance during the leisure hour daily, maintaining the same gait; fifteen miles a day for a week or a fortnight in succession, or twenty-five miles a day, on any occasion that demands it, will be found within any ordinary capacity with a month or six weeks' training."

RAISINS.—From Malaga come those tempting boxes adorned with filigree and gilt paper, with colored medallions, dark-eyed senoritas, and courtiers with exaggerated pork-pie hats. Why we should call these raisins muscatels nobody seems to know; perhaps from the Muscat grape that the Moors may have brought into Spain from their African home. But they were known to our forefathers as "raysons of the sun." And that "raysons of the sun" people credited with a kind of recuperative force. They always formed part of the equipage of a last illness. The neat little table spread by the patient's bedside with sugar water and the dish of "rayesons of the sun," with the old family [illegible], reserved for such solemn occasions, reminded the sufferer that he or she had done with the ordinary fare of mortal life.

Sun-dried, indeed, should these raisins be, and yet, not so much dried as distilled; the watery parts driven off, and all the rich qualities of the grape developed in nature's alembic. The best of these raisins are dried upon the vine. When the bunch is ripe the stem is twisted, or partly severed, and the fierce sun does the rest. Commoner raisins are gathered and hung up on strings in the sunshine, and, as they dry, are scalded or dipped into lye, a process which brings the saccharine particles to the surface, when the fruit assumes its well-known slightly candied appearance. The raisins without stones, called sultanas, are from Smyrna, which, otherwise, is more concerned with figs.

"BULLY, IF TRUE," is the head line which the editor of a paper in Crete, Neb., prints over the announcement that the pastor of the Congregational Church will not preach for a month.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

We all have our hobbies—even monarchs. One of the most remarkable is that of the King of Holland. It is that of collecting harness, reins, bridles, saddles, whips and spurs that have a famous history, especially those used on the field of war in the Dark Ages, are sought after with great keenness by his Majesty.

The country on the west coast of Madagascar, says a late United States consul, is the most beautiful that a man can imagine or wish for; beautiful and green valleys, magnificent forests, grand springs and rivers, and the most luxuriant vegetation. Travel where you may among the independent tribes, if you are kind to them, observe their laws and respect their beliefs, you will be treated almost like a god. The best house of the village will be given you, the newest mat will be spread to sit or lie upon, the fattest bullock will be killed in your honor, guides will be furnished to you, and if you are foot-sore and sick, and wish to go further, bearers—sometimes chiefs themselves—will carry you. I have traveled almost every part of the world, beside the Congo, and I have never met with people so intelligent and so willing to learn.

According to a German paper, the inventor of lucifer matches was a political prisoner, Kaemmerer, who perfected his idea in 1833, within the walls of his prison. Kaemmerer was a native of Ludwigsburg, and when sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Hohensperg, he was fortunate enough to attract the notice and to gain the favor of an old officer in charge of the prison, who, finding he was studying chemistry, allowed him to arrange a small laboratory in one of the cells. Kaemmerer had been engaged in researches with a view of improving the [illegible] sponging system, according to which, splinters of wood, with sulphur at the ends were dipped into a chemical and in order to produce a flame. He did not bring his experiment to sufficient success to get much honor, for [illegible] any money, from them, and died in the year 1855.

Writing of Paris students, a correspondent says: "A young Frenchman will take a miserable room in the sixth story, with a brick floor and no carpet, and will go without fire even in the coldest days of winter, whereas by paying four dollars more in the month he might have a large and comfortable room, well heated, and two stories lower down. He takes the four dollars thus saved and invests it in a lottery ticket—that's a great business, by the way, in France. He will go without breakfast to have money for the theatre; he will dine on unwholesome food food for a quarter and proceed to spend a dollar in a cafe for billiards and various drinkables for himself and friends. He will sometimes, I regret to say, prefer spending fifty cents for a bright new cravat to paying the necessary five cents which would entitle him to a bath."

An employe in a [illegible] ferry company and the saver of sixty [illegible] lives, has told a few of the [illegible] of rescuing drowning persons. "I never [illegible] the watch how many times a drowning person has been lower. The first time down they get to you with a firm, determined clutch that means they will know what they are about. The second immersion [illegible] a certain grip, which can be easily broken, if you so choose. It is the last time down that the grasp becomes convulsive, because [illegible] are [illegible] weakened. I never [illegible] a person after the [illegible] that has descended for the third time. Almost invariably the drowning man on his final journey below the water will seize his preserver by the legs. It seems to be a law of nature, and one I cannot account for. It would be easier to save a whole river full of men than one drowning woman. The odd feature of the latter's struggle in the water is that she will seize your hands, if she can get hold of one or both of them. A woman will drown quicker than a man. She opens her mouth from the time she first strikes the water, and never closes it, and so loses her senses more easily."

Queen Margherita, of Italy, possesses a coral necklace which she always wears, day and night. If the Queen wears a dress with which the ornament does not harmonize, she keeps the necklace on, although hidden. The following story is told in connection with the necklace: Five years ago the Italian Crown Prince, Victor Emmanuel was out walking in Venice with his tutor. He noticed some corals in a jeweller's window which pleased him very much. "I shall buy those for my mother," he said; and so saying he entered the shop to ask the price of the corals. On hearing the sum he said: "I have not as much money at present, but I will make you an offer. I will buy five corals to-day and you may keep the rest for me, and as often as I have the money I will send it to you and you will send me as many of the remaining corals as the money will buy.' The bargain was concluded, but two years elapsed before the prince had the pleasure of presenting his mother with the necklace. The Queen, on hearing the circumstances of the purchase, was very much affected, and said to her son: "This is now the most precious of all my jewels, and I will never cease to wear it, for it will always remind me of your tender love for me."

Our Young Folks.

THE GIPSY'S CHARM.

BY LOUIS FARGO.

"SO the gipsies are come to the common again." This is how the story began.

"What are gipsies? Tell me what they are like."

"Run-about people with long fingers."

"Don't they ever stop?"

"Stop what?"

"Stop running—do they ever stay still?"

"Oh, yes; they're not always on the trot."

"What do you mean, then?"

"That they're gad-about folk—here, there and everywhere. You come upon them at any time."

"And why have they long fingers?"

"Oh! to clutch all they can. Why they would clutch you, if you were worth clutching."

"I am worth clutching, for nurse says I am worth my weight in gold, and that's ever so much money."

"Ho! ho! Queen Esther's trumpeter is dead."

This last speech mystified the little maiden more than ever. Small daisy-faced Esther and her brother Jackie found themselves in a world of mystification, come down from London, to sojourn a while in the country, with their aunt Sarah and four frolicsome young cousins, Will, Ned, Hugh and Tom.

"Two cuckoos in a sparrow's nest," the boys called them, and teased them in their unthinking, good-humored way, till the mites scarcely knew whether they stood on their heads or their heels, to quote the lads' own words again.

But about the gipsies. It was Will who announced their advent to his three brothers, standing under the lilac bushes, waving in a glory of bloom over the front gate, mites Esther and Jackie among them.

Poor golden-haired darlings! They were motherless, and often they felt a great craving hunger for their mother who was not, even though sheltered under aunt Sarah's wing, with those prankish big boys about them, and making them feel so strange and lonely.

"Oh! I wish mothers didn't die, and boys weren't silly!"

Thus six-years-old Esther would sigh to her confidant, Jackie, which he would endorse with—

"Yes; boys aren't half so nice in the country to-day as they were in London yesterday, are they?" All Jackie's past was yesterday.

The boys snapped their fingers at the two black-robed morsels, and went their way. Then a childish freak, born of her girl's curiosity and loneliness, came to Esther which she made known to Jackie thus—

"Jackie, shall we go and see the run-about gipsies? I know where the common is."

And Jackie sagely nodded.

So away they strayed through the flush and the beauty of the glad summer day, and anon the common was reached. Such a breezy, sunshiny sea of heather was it, and there was the gipsy camp, the run-about gipsies in full cry.

A tall girl stood by the fire, a lad knelt near with a basket of potatoes ready for roasting, and a boy and girl, not so much older than themselves, bringing the well-known gipsies' pot to hang over the fire. A man and woman sat by them watching the performance. The children's eyes took it all in, and then the gipsy children espied them.

"See," cried the lad to his girl companion, "see that pretty little miss and master," pointing with his finger toward where the two stood.

"Oh! isn't it funny?" remarked Esther to Jackie, and he replied—

"Yes, very funny."

But, before they were well aware, the two gipsy children who had espied them had strayed out to them.

"Well, what do you think of us?" asked the lad, gallantly pulling his forelock in courtesy to Esther. "Who and what are both of you?"

"You ought to say who we are," spoke his companion. "I'm Meg, and he's my brother Pete," she informed them.

"Yes, that's same as me and Jackie," agreed Esther.

"Have you long fingers?" inquired Jackie.

But Esther, with her girl's tact, said to him—

"Hush Jackie! don't be rude!" her daisy face flushing a rosy pink.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Pete, not at all abashed. "Then you've heard our character."

But Esther made reply—

"We wanted to see you, and so we came down."

"Well, where may your home be?" asked Pete.

"In London; only mamma is dead, and so we live with aunt Sarah; and we wish our mamma wasn't dead."

Pete looked into the child's speedwell eyes, and his own grew moist.

"Why don't you get her charmed back?" was his somewhat astounding question.

"How do you mean? And who'd do it?" inquired Esther, her cheeks aglow.

"Charm means make things come as we want them to, and my mother'd do it."

"Can she make mothers come back again alive when they are dead?" asked the tremulous little tongue.

"Yes, she can charm anything back; and why not a dead mother?" Poor, ignorant child.

"Will you ask her?" pleaded Esther, a great hope leaping into her eyes.

"Yes," promised Pete; "I'll ask her for you."

"Is that she by the fire?"

"Yes, that's her—the 'old un.'"

At this moment the "old un" called Meg and Pete in a voice like a trumpet, and the gipsy children hurried away, Pete calling over his shoulder—

"Yes, I'll ask her; only don't tell, or the charm is over, so she says."

And Meg in her turn—

"Come here to-morrow, and you'll hear what she says."

"Oh, if mamma were charmed back!" cried Esther, as she and Jackie stood, two wee dots in the sunshine.

"I wish to-day were to-morrow," sighed Jackie wistfully.

Then they turned their faces homeward, their poor little hearts throbbing with hope and expectation.

Oh, what a glad secret they bore about with them all that happy day, not daring to speak of it, because they must not; and anon the evening came, bringing with it bed time.

Well, to-morrow found them wandering through the sunshine to the common again, where all was as it was yesterday, save that the "old un" came straying out to the trysting place, a heathery knoll, in the very heart of the sunshine.

"Well, little miss and master, so ye want me to work a charm for ye," were her words motioning them to sit down on the knoll beside her.

"We want mamma charmed back," lisped Esther, like a white dove half shrinking before a hawk.

"Well, dearie, there is only one way for it to be done, ye must ride a jig-jog to London town," said the wily woman, a sing-song in her rhyming words.

"London is our home," piped Jackie.

"Yes, and that's why ye must go there—go in our van."

"We mayn't—aunt won't let us."

"Then that settles the thing—the charm can't be worked."

"Do you mean you can't make mamma come back?"

"Yes."

"And if we went with you, could you then?"

"Could I. In course I could."

Esther's blue eyes scanned the woman quest ioningly.

"Ye must steal out to us after ye're in bed; let nobody see ye, mind, and that'll set the charm a-working."

"We can't. All the doors are locked, 'cept Uncle William's door, that he comes in from town by."

"Then come out by uncle William's door."

"And through the wicket in the garden?" Poor Esther!

"Yes, through the wicket in the garden."

"And then?" signed Esther.

"Come to us, and we'll be away in the van, to charm back ma."

Ah! why should she lure them away so? What would be their fate?

"I think we must go," faltered Esther.

And the woman bade them go, and come again that evening for good. Ah, would it be for good? Poor Esther and Jack! their sweet secret frightened them, but they bore it about with them the livelong day, and in the evening they would be away, to have mamma charmed back.

"But how will they get her down from heaven?" asked practical Jackie, as they trotted homeward.

"Hush, Jackie! God can do anything," replied Esther, in her firm belief; and anon it was evening, and the children tucked up in their little white bed.

A wee space of time, and then it was all for hungering love of mamma that they stole out among the moonbeams on the floor, and dressed, crept down the shadowy stairs, and away, out at uncle William's door into the garden.

Nurse was in the kitchen; no one saw them. Ah, so they thought! They were out at the wicket gate, into the lane among the sleeping dog roses, small, creeping run-aways, such as we read of in our books.

The wind whispered, "Go back," and the trees shook their heads as over some great mistake; but on they went through the dusky night, two small, gliding shadows, not knowing in their innocence that two big giant shadows were stalking after them; gaining on them, and still keeping behind.

"Would no one save them?" An owl hooted, "I will," but it didn't, and anon the common was reached.

The sweet expanse of heather lay very calm and lovely in the moonlight, but the gipsy encampment was all astir, the tent struck, the old horse put into the van, it seemed they only awaited the coming of our small heroine and hero to be away.

Meg and Pete came to meet them, their mother straying after, their father—it the scowling fellow in the moonlight was their father—stood by the van, waiting. Ah, waiting for what?

"Come on, little lady; mother says the charm is workin' all right."

So Pete greeted them, taking Esther by the hand, while Meg took Jackie, and led them on, on to the van; away from those who loved them, away from the giant shadows scudding along, and now disappearing behind a hedge hard by.

Were they friends or foes? Were the children hemmed in by enemies before and behind?

"How long will it be before mamma will be charmed back?" pleaded Esther in her fright.

"It all depends on whether you are a good girl or not," said the woman from behind, driving them before her like captives never to be free again.

"Now then, Jabe, put them into the van," said the woman as they neared the great vehicle.

He took Esther first in his huge brown hands, very like a spider seizing two flies, but she never went within the van; for those two giant shadows sprang up from behind it, and two boyish voices startled them by demanding—

"Well, what's your little game with the children?"

By the power of right Will caught Esther from him, Ned seized Jackie.

"Now dare to touch either of them; we'll cling to them like leeches, and to you, too, if you do."

And so they did, and the man gave them up, the boys beating a hasty retreat, well pleased with their success.

"We thought mother told the truth for once, and meant to charm their mammy back to them," pleaded Pete as they passed him; "we meant no harm."

"All right, and no harm is done," quoth Will.

The boys had spied the wee fugitives from their bedroom window, and had followed them.

"They said they'd charm mamma back to us, and—and, Will, 'tisn't nice to be cuckoos in a sparrow's nest." Thus Esther pleaded her excuse for their rash act.

And Will gathered her to him, and promised from that time to teach her and Jackie to be sparrows in the nest; and so he did, by being kind and gentle with them—in fact, the four brothers overshadowed them with their love.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

BY E. F. E.

GUY and Kate Trist were out on the beach with their maid, Jane; she had brought out some work to do, whilst Guy and Kate took off their shoes and socks to wade in the sea.

Kate had brought down her two dolls, Rose and Jack, and Guy had his boat; he did not care at all for dolls, but he thought it would be good fun to give them a sail.

Rose was too big for the boat, and had to sit on Jack's legs, but Jack did not seem to mind that. Kate and Guy took it in turns to hold the string of the boat whilst the wind blew it on.

The place where Jane sat was a small bay; here and there a few rocks stood out of the sea quite dark-green with sea-weed. The work she had brought out to do was soon done, but it was not time to go home, and she thought she would just take out her book and read.

It is true Mrs. Trist would not like her to do this; still she would not know of it; for if Guy or Kate did come up to speak to she could hide the book with the work, and there was no one else near who would see and tell of her.

Soon all thought of Guy and Kate and Mrs. Trist had gone out of her head, and all she thought of was how would the tale end? She did not see how Guy and Kate had gone on and on till they came to the point of the bay, and still went on quite out of sight. She did not see that the sun was gone, and that the clouds which were white ones half an hour since were now black ones. She did not see how near the gulls flew to the shore; and not till the storm broke and great drops of rain fell on her book did she look up and find she had quite lost sight of Guy and Kate.

Down she threw her book and her work, and ran the way she last saw them go. On she went till she came to the point, whence she could see a long way. But no; they were not there. How could they be when the sea was close up to the edge of the cliffs? Then she tore back and went to the next point, but all in vain; no boy or girl was to be seen. Could it be that they had been caught by the tide and swept out to sea?

By this time she was wet through, though she did not think of that; all she felt was that the boy and girl, who had been in her charge, were lost!

How could she go back and tell Mrs. Trist, and what would she say when she heard how it was she came to lose sight of Guy and Kate? Then the thought struck her that she had no friends of her own, no one to care much for her; the best thing she could do would be to run off and not go back; so she crept round the point of the bay to get to a ridge of rocks from which she could get to the high road.

* * * * * *

Now I must go back and tell you what Guy and Kate had done. They were so full of their boat and the dolls that they too did not see the storm come on. The breeze made the small boat sail well; they went at the back of it, and did not think how far it led them on.

When they found the waves came up to their knees they came more in to shore, but the waves came too, till they found the sea was right up to the edge of the cliffs and they could not get out of its way. It was no use to turn round; it was as bad to go back as to go on.

"Oh, Kate, what shall we do?" said Guy. "And now the clouds are so black I think we shall have a storm, and that will make the waves rough!"

The tears came to his large blue eyes; Kate gave him a kiss and put her arms round his neck, whilst she said, "Don't let us cry," for she felt it hard to keep her tears back when she saw Guy's. "Jane will come soon and help us. Let us keep near some of these rocks for a time."

This they did; and so it was that they were out of sight when Jane went to look for them.

Some time went by; they saw one or two yachts sail past. The rain had left off, but the tide still came in, and less and less of the rock stood out of the sea.

At last they saw a boat in which was one man; he would soon be near them. Oh, if he would but see them and come to help them!

"Let me wave your hat," said Guy; "he'll see that, for it is so big;" and Kate gave it to him.

The boat went straight on though, and right past them. Ah! it had all been of no use; he did not see them, and he did not hear their shouts, then, just as they thought all their hopes were gone they saw the man rest on his oars, look their way, and row to them as fast as he could. Yes, they were safe now; the man had been just in time; half an hour more would have been too late.

He took them first to his own house, and made his wife dry their things and give them some food; then he took them back to their own home.

When Mr. and Mrs. Trist heard what Guy and Kate had gone through, they were, at first, too glad to know they were safe to think much of Jane; she would, of course, come back by-and-by.

But night came on, and still she did not come. Some one found her work and her book on the beach, and this made Mrs. Trist fear she must have come to some harm. Bills were put in all the shops in the town to say that Mr. Trist would give ten pounds for news of her, but a month or more went by and no news was heard of her.

Then, strange to say, back came Jane herself, and told how when she found Guy and Kate were lost she did not like to come home, and how she made up her mind to run off; and then how she had gone up from the beach, and on and on for miles, till she came to a house where she got some food and rest; but that there, on the next day, she had been ill, and got so much worse that it was thong it she would die.

Jane had done very wrong, but in spite of this Mr. and Mrs. Trist took her back, and are glad they did so, for she has been a good maid to them for the last ten years, and no books now take the place of the work she has to do.

MYTHS OF THE WOODS.—The forest has always been the home of mystery and tradition. The ancients believed that every tree had an inhabitant, and other nations have adopted other curious beliefs in seeking to explain the peculiarities of the trees.

There is a German tale to account for the pendulous form of the branches of fir trees. When the disciples and their Master were traveling, it began to rain; the disciples took shelter under a fir tree, vainly entreating their Master to do the same, but the tree shaking its branches as soon as they were beneath, wetted them to the skin; for which reason it has hung its boughs in shame and ignominy ever since. The Chinese call the cocoanut by a word which means "the head of Prince Yue." This was an unfortunate prince whose head was cut off by another prince and hung upon a tree. There it became a cocoanut, on which may still be seen the two eyes of the slaughtered prince. So again the aspen leaves are condemned to perpetual trembling because it gave its wood to make the Cross, or because it did not, like other trees, tremble at the time of the Crucifixion. Why does the willow weep? Because it has never been able to look upward, since it was used as scourge just before the Crucifixion. Why does the broom crackle so when it is burned? Because, say the Sicilians, the noise it made in the garden of Gethsemane led to the surprise, and the noise it made then it was doomed to make to all eternity whenever it was consigned to the flames.

WHERE THEY PUT THE POULTICE.—There is a time to keep silence, but it was evidently not the right time in the case of a boy who lives in a country town. He got a splinter into his foot, and, in spite of his protestations, his mother and grandmother decided to place a poultice over the wound. The boy resisted vigorously. "I won't have any poultice!" he declared stoutly. "Yes you will, Eddie," declared both mother and grandmother firmly; and there being two to one at bedtime the poultice was ready.

If the poultice was ready the boy was not, and he proved so refractory that a switch was brought into requisition. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother was to stand with the uplifted switch at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth" he would receive that which would keep him quiet. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot, he opened his mouth. "You," he began. "Keep still!" said his mother, shaking her stick, while the grandmother applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth. "I——" But the uplifted switch awed him into silence. In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tucked up in bed. "There now," said his mother; "the splinter will be drawn out, and Eddie's foot will soon be well." As the mother and grandmother moved away triumphantly, a shrill small voice came from under the bed-clothes—"You've got it on the wrong foot!"

AN infant born in Georgia the other day seems to have made up in name what it lacked in size. At birth it weighed but two pounds, and is reported "to have looked too small to have life in it." It has been named "Martha Ann Mary Magdalene Frances Cleveland Broughton."

NOT AS I WILL.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait:
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time the words my lips repeat.
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil—
"Not as we will!"

ABOUT COMMON DRINKS.

The tea plant belongs to the same family of flowers as the beautiful Camelia, and is indigenous to the eastern parts of Asia, to China, Cochin-China, Japan and the northern peninsula of India. It will flourish in all latitudes from the equator to forty degrees, and it has been at times artificially introduced into several other countries, and grown with more or less success. Within a few years past experiments have been set on foot to test the adaptability of the southern portion of the United States to the growth of the tea-plant.

History does not inform us of the time when tea was first used as a beverage in China, its native home, although its use is reported as common as early as the beginning of the sixth century. It was first brought to Europe by the Dutch East India Company, early in the seventeenth century, and from being the expensive luxury of the few, its use has spread until now the consumption of tea throughout Great Britain and the United States is so general that its importation is by millions of pounds annually; upwards of a hundred million pounds to each country.

Tea appeases the sensation of hunger somewhat, and the eating of food can be delayed by its use without inconvenience of suffering from unappeased appetite. It, in fact, acts like a damper to cover up the fire of animal combustion. By its use the Russian soldiers have endured long forced marches. They mix the herb, finely powdered, with some breadstuff, thus making a kind of biscuit of bread which they greatly depend upon.

It is commonly drank as an infusion, although in Japan the leaves are powdered and drank with the water. The dried leaves are treated with boiling water and stand and simmer a very short time. If allowed to boil the volatile oil upon which the fine aroma depends escapes into the air, and there is little left to tempt one to drink the mildly poisonous infusion, unless it may be the sense of dependance upon its stimulus, which habitual tea-drinkers acquire, and which in itself should be a warning that they are indulging in a not altogether harmless habit.

As a vehicle for hot water, sugar, and milk, a very weak infusion may prove of very little harm and some decided good to many persons, but to depend upon the stimulus of the tea extract as a nervous prop is a pernicious habit.

The grades of tea are various, and depend both upon the state of the leaves when gathered, and upon the method of after treatment. There are several varieties of tea-plant, but neither black nor green tea depend upon the plant species, as both are ordinarily gathered from the same plant. The first gathering of tea takes place in April, when the young leaf-buds are picked. This is the choicest picking, as their removal injures the plant to a slight extent. This picking is conducted with great care. The pickers are usually young girls dressed in white, and, presumably, with very clean clean hands. This tea is only used as gift-tea, not being an article of commerce. The second and most important gathering takes place in May. A third gathering later in the season only yields inferior teas.

Green tea is the very young leaves gathered and immediately roasted over a wood-fire in pans. After a few minutes' roasting they are rolled by hand, and then dried off by being constantly shaken over the fire for an hour and a half. In doctoring teas for foreign markets, various dyes are used to impart a bloom, such as turmeric, indigo, copper, Prussian blue, gypsum, etc., but the Chinese never dye their own teas for home consumption.

In preparing black teas the leaves are allowed to ferment for a few hours, are permitted to become soft and flaccid, and are ultimately heated and rolled several times, and at last slowly dried over charcoal fires.

Like grapes, which have the flavor of the soil upon which they grow, certain teas acquire a flavor from the locality where they are raised. But some teas are artificially flavored with sweet-scented flowers, such as roses, orange flowers, or jasmine.

The sweepings of ware-houses and the dust of tea are wetted with rice water and rolled into grains, and then mixed with other teas, so that commercially nothing is lost.

Teas are named and graded according to their qualities and flavors, and a connoisseur in tea is usually very particular as to the quality of tea he purchases.

The tea-tasters and those directly engaged in handling teas are subject to attacks of headache, giddiness, and also of paralysis. Of course they must constantly imbibe more or less of the volatile oil, and possibly the paralysis, according to Johnson, may be due to the constant handling of the alkaloid.

Therefore, in spite of its widespread use, our tea may not generally prove to us an unalloyed blessing.

GIRLS without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided; girls who have the filial sentiment well developed, and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and, when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are.

Grains of Gold.

When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.

Often forgive others but never thyself.

Do what you ought, let come what will.

We can endure no vanity so easily as our own.

A man's life is half over before he learns how to live.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin.

The less we deserve good fortune, the more we hope for it.

It is a good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

Wherever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lies on the persecuted side.

The more sand has escaped from the hour-glass of our life, the clearer we should see through it.

The more weakness, the more falsehood; strength goes straight. Every cannon ball that has in it hollows or holes goes crooked.

Motives are better than actions. Men drift into crime. Of evil they do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.

Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the ruddier of the day.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

Femininities.

Don't let one fault hide another's many virtues.

"An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy."

A string of gold beads around the neck is prettily worn with open throated corsages.

Love may make a coward of almost any man. If love doesn't, marriage is pretty sure to.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall: a mother's secret hope outlives them all.

The head of the Sultan's harem is now a Christian woman—beautiful, cultivated and a Spaniard.

Sixteen-year-old youth: "Oh, what a lovely girl!" Bald Head, next to him: "Sonny, she was in 1862."

One kiss—it is the seal upon the tomb of Hope, by which like some lost, sorrowing angel, sits sad memory evermore.

People who thrust their private sorrow upon the world by using mourning envelopes should be arrested for blackmail.

A hair resorter at Devil's Lake, Mich., tried to pare her feet down to summer size with a razor. She nearly amputated one of them.

A young lady of El Paso, Texas has had the skull of a woman mounted and polished, and asks her friends to write autographs on it.

A poor woman in Gratiot county, Mich., who received $3000 in pension money the other day, exchanged $300 of it for dry goods in less than half an hour.

Farmer's wife: "I must go home; I have a great deal to do; we are going to kill an ox to-day." Frau Professor: "What! you kill an entire ox at once?"

Of the 99,700,000 women and girls under British rule in India, 99,300,000 cannot read or write at all, and many of the other 200,000 can barely do either.

A Bar Harbor girl, who was told by an old boatman to be sure and have her boat well trimmed, went to work and sewed two silk flounces around the gunwale.

A paper asked: "Is there a wife in the city to-day who makes her husband's shirts?" The following answer was received by return of post: "I do, but he won't wear 'em."

She: "Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands." He: "Well, now if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little mouth I will be satisfied."

It is thought very unlucky not to weigh the baby before it is dressed. When first dressed the clothes should not be put on over the head, but drawn on over the feet, for luck.

Dog collars of velvet ribbon, fastened by a small brooch, are a popular fancy which are becoming to a pretty throat, and has a good effect below a full frill of lace on a high corsage.

In the ceremonial of betrothal a kiss has played an important part in several nations. A nuptial kiss in church at the conclusion of the marriage service is solemnly enjoined by the York Missal of the English Church.

Be sure and let the baby have or touch the thing that he starts after when he takes his first step, even if it is the moon—he must be let touch something high, on which his light shines—and then he will always get his wishes.

"Deliver me from a case where I have any female witnesses to swear for my client," says a Chicago lawyer. "I never knew a case which they didn't damage while trying to help it. They swear too much, and are too vindictive."

Don't continue the practice of dripping the umbrella by the ferrule. Turn it the other way—that is, handle down—when you come in out of the rain. The general way is bad for the umbrella, for it rots the material at the converging point of the frame wires.

Are we an unhealthy nation? There are more than three times as many physicians in America as in France, proportionately. What would become of this army of doctors if American women were to dress properly and exercise in the open air regularly?

A former Duchess of Rutland was accustomed to say to her niece, when one of those apocryphal anecdotes of which the Courts of the Georges were so prolific came to her ears, "That's a lie, my dear; but make a note of it; it will do for news in the country."

Lowell-by-the-Mills, 'Scouset-by-the-Pump, Beverly-by-the-Farms, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Gloucester-by-Ten-Pound-Island, Dedham-by-the-Turnpike, Tyngsboro'-by-the-Bridge and Salem-by-the-Pier are among the latest foolishness of summer vacationists.

"How hideous Miss Blakely looked in that new bonnet." "I thought it was very becoming; at least the trimming was very appropriate." "I didn't notice the trimming." "The bonnet was trimmed with ivy leaves. Ivy is very appropriate: it only clings to old ruins."

"And what kind of a wife has Charley got?" "A very superior woman, educated, refined, stylish, and all that sort of thing?" "And is she at all domestic? Does she do her own housework?" "No, I think not; but she has a good deal to say about the way other women do housework."

Among the Fall colors yellow holds its own. For bringing out real beauty of complexion the once-scorned hue has few equals. It is especially effective out of doors, with sunshine, wind and water to bring out its possibilities; and hoods, caps, sashes, and even full costumes of yellow China silk, accentuate that fact charmingly.

Not long ago a well-known artist sent to a lady whom he had met several times one of his best pictures, handsomely framed, as a souvenir gift. The next day he received a note from the lady, in which she thanked him for the picture, but begged to return the frame, as she made it a rule never to accept anything valuable as a gift from a gentleman.

Masculinities.

To him who lives well every form of life is good.

Prudence is a plume dropped from the wing of some past folly.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.

A Michigan postmaster offers any one $10 who will take the office off his hands.

If you would flatter a man, remember his face; if you would wound him, forget his name.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

The first colored man ever elected Mayor of a town north of the Ohio river is Isaiah Tappins, of Rossville, Ohio.

Violet: "Ma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon?" Mother, sadly: "Because it's always out at nights."

G. P. Wright, of Baltimore, has been the father of 26 children, 23 of whom are living. The youngest child is 4 weeks old.

Marc Antony was so pleased with a repast prepared by a cook for Cleopatra that he presented the man with a whole town.

The Prince of Wales is described at Homburg as wearing a most unbecoming, common-looking, snuff-colored suit, with a red comforter round his throat.

That extravagant old Roman, Vitellius, allowed his cook about $10,000 a day for marketing purposes, and Lucullus once paid $5,000 for a little dinner for three.

Lord Ruthven, a well-known Scotch nobleman, is running a coach daily between Hamilton and Lanark, and has been obtaining much patronage from tourists.

Captain Archibald Johnston, author of the ballad "Baby Mine," died in New York recently. He was an auctioneer of horses, music having been his relaxation.

Ministers are so scarce in Idaho that they have to be imported in many cases where people wish to get married. Trains are stopped that they may be searched for ministers.

A queer kingdom is that of Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands. The Prime Minister peddles cocoanuts and the Queen "takes in washing" from ships in the harbor.

An Arizona stockman gave his wife $12,000 worth of jewelry and $5,000 for pin money within three days after his marriage, whereupon the woman eloped with an Eastern drummer.

It used to be considered beneath the dignity of a London gentleman to let his town or country house. Now the practice has become quite common. Rich Americans' purses have done it.

A scientist is responsible for the statement that the hair round the mouth impairs the mental faculties. He says all great orators, statesmen, ministers and lawyers wear a smooth face.

Baron Etienne de Zuylen de Nivelt de Haar is the full style and title of the impecunious Flemish nobleman who has just become the husband of the $30,000,000 daughter of the House of Rothschild.

German professor, awakened by a noise in the middle of the night: "Is anybody there?" Burglar: "No; nobody." Professor: "Then I must have been mistaken." And he turns over and drops asleep again.

In a breach of promise suit in Ohio the girl placed in evidence 745 letters she had received from the man during 120 days of engagement. If she answered every one of them she certainly should be allowed large damages.

According to the figuring of somebody on the other side, who sets himself up as an authority, marriage restrains men from crime. He states that there are 20 criminals to every 1,000 bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only 10.

"Hello, Charley, what are you doing, moving?" asked one young man of another whom he met with a big valise in his hand. "I've just commenced my vacation." "Your vacation?" "Yes, I am vacating at the request of my landlady."

Fly catching appears to be a recognized business in Paris during dog days. During that time the little insects are vigorously sought after about markets, grocery stores, etc., by scores of men and boys, who dispose of their catches to bird-keepers.

In eight years a son of ex-Senator Brown of New York, has squandered a fortune of nearly a million dollars, and is now laid up with a broken leg at Newark, N. J., penniless and virtually friendless. He admits that he has got rid of his inheritance at the rate of $100,000 a year.

The beautiful Lady Gordon, when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been sadly thinned out by the English war with France, turned recruiting sergeant, and, to tempt the gallant lads, placed the recruiting shilling to her lips, whence each who would might take it with his own.

Young man: "I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise; you remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family." Old man: "Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

"Major," said a friend to him one day, "if someone were to challenge you to fight a duel, what would you do?" "It would all depend on whether he was a gentleman or not," said the major. "If he was a gentleman he wouldn't want to fight me unless I had insulted him, and I wouldn't insult him if he was a gentleman."

A Southern newspaper relates this incident concerning a dying wife's request of her husband that he would not marry again: "The husband in tears declined, whereupon the devoted wife pulled a hatchet from under the cover and made a lick at his head as he was kneeling at her side. The blow fell below the brain and put out his right eye. In 24 hours the poor man was a widower, but in due time he got a glass eye and married again."

Recent Book Issues.

Benn Pitman has issued the Two Hundredth Edition of his "Manual of Phonography." It is perfect in its way, and in our judgment is the best work of the kind published in any system. Published at Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, $1.

"Madelon Lemoine" forms No. 77 of Lippincott's Series of Selected Novels. It is a tender and touching story of the ups and downs of this world, ending in a triumph over difficulties, and in rest under the shadow of a great blessing, all well told, by Mrs. Leith Adams, author of "Aunt Hipsy's Foundling," "Geoffrey, Stirling," etc. Price, 25 cents.

The latest issue of Ticknor's Paper-Cover Series of Novels is "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," by Robert Grant Allen. Its society descriptions are exceptionally true to life, and while the plot is so simple that nobody will get the headache trying to follow out its threads, a great deal of entertainment and some profit may be had from it in the few hours required to read it. Price, 50 cents. Ticknor & Co., publishers, Boston.

"Esther, a Book for Girls," by Rosa N. Cary, certainly leaves no question as to its object. It is aimed at the fairer sex through its whole scope and moral. Esther is a splendid character, and while her utter impossibility as a real creature puts a limit to her merit as an example, girls will not harm themselves by making her excellent qualities a standard for imitation, though necessarily afar off. But the book is not only useful, it is more than entertaining as well. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, $1.25.

F. A. Stokes, New York, successor to White, Stokes & Co., has issued the fourth series of "The Good Things of Life." It is a grandly bound, gold embossed, and illuminated oblong quarto of sixty-six pages, printed on the thickest and best of stiff paper, with all other material accessories in the highest style of art. "The Good Things" are not only a feast to the sight, but in an equal degree to the mind. They consist of a reproduction of the best pictures that have appeared in that famous and popular weekly "Life," with their witticisms, quips, jest, humor and social sarcasm appended. Unlike many pictorial publications, this is not alone artistically valuable, but permanently readable. There is nothing vapid, flat or coarse about it, either in its wit or the accompanying illustrations. It will make a tasty, bright piece of book-work for any table in its mechanical get up, and will serve to feed the art and the appreciative reading mind still more by its lively contents. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $2.50.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Phrenological Journal for September opens with a sketch of the famous Russian writer, Count Tolstoi, accompanied with a very strong portrait. An interesting article on "Natives of North America," is profusely illustrated; and there is the usual variety of matter of special interest in the home circle. Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

The September number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* gives as a frontispiece for the fourth volume, which closes with this number, a very beautiful and artistic "Study of a Head," from a drawing by E. Burne Jones. F. Marion Crawford's serial, "Marzio's Crucifix," is concluded. May Crommelin contributes the second article on "A Visit to a Dutch Country House," which is beautifully illustrated. A highly interesting paper is contributed by G. F. Russell Barker, giving an historical and descriptive sketch of the famous Westminster School. The paper is profusely illustrated. Fargeon's serial, "Secret Inheritance," one of his best stories, also comes to a satisfactory end in this number. Macmillan & Co., New York.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.—Moral progress has immediate relation to our duties. Intellectual progress to our knowledge. Which of these elements is chief? If it be the moral, then the advancement and improvement of society would depend upon it and be measured by it. If the intellectual, then that element is the standard, the estimate of worth, the criterion for decision. The fundamental dogmas, of which moral systems are composed, have undergone but little change. The essentials are: to do good to others, to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes, to love your neighbor as yourself, to forgive your enemies, to restrain your passions, to honor your parents, to respect those who are set above you. These acknowledged creeds and codes have stood the test of the past, and will in all times to come; nor can all the homilies and sermons of theologians add one iota to them.

When the Spanish missionaries first introduced the Gospel into Mexico, the Aztecs, though the religion of Europe and civilization was unknown to them, are said to have possessed ethical maxims befitting a Christian pulpit. Long before the Jesuits went to China Confucius had proclaimed the golden rule of doing unto others as we should that others do unto us. The intellect presents change and progress in all its operations, by developing the hidden resources of nature, manifesting the sciences by experiments and speculation. The three greatest masters of scientific method were Aristotle, Bacon and Descartes. The first laid down that science must be built on observation; that her survey must take in all facts of the case, and that whatever theory went beyond those facts was but a guess. 2000 years afterwards Descartes set down as a rule that we must fix our theories to our facts, not our facts to our theories; that the first duty of science was to use the eyes. Bacon said that we must observe and experiment; that we must watch nature patiently and humbly, and that we must rise from particulars in studies to general laws. We cannot sever mental from moral laws. Mr. Mills says: "After all, the intellectual element is the predominant circumstance. The human mind is never quiescent; it may not give the external symptoms of action, but it does not cease to have the internal movement; it sleeps, but even then it dreams."

L. G. W.

Martha.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

SIT down, ma'am," said the hotel-keeper's mother, placing a chair. "The 'bus will be here in a moment, and a couple is going to start from my house—a young married couple. You'll be surprised when you see 'em, for as far as looks go—well, he's as handsome as he can be, and she is as plain as a stone fence. He's educated—college graduate. She has a plain country-school education, but that is all; but she's good. Yes she's good. And now that she is so happy, she has a sort of different expression.

"She was born here, Martha Hill was, and she got a sewing machine when she was twelve years old. My husband kept this hotel then. He was a kind man, and he thought a good deal of Martha. So, seeing the girl so clever, he said—

"'Now, wife, when you go to town next, I want you to buy Martha Hill a sewing machine, and give it to her.'

"Well, I did. I was as glad to do it as could be, for Martha's father was breaking down fast, and she had no mother. And the girl was so thankful; and when ladies came to the hotel I'd recommend Martha, and she earnt a nice little sum from the first; and after a while, when she was alone, I said—

"'Martha, we've got a big house here, and you can earn all you'll eat by sewing for me.'

"So she came, and had a little room that was handy to the dining-room. Martha was the most industrious young girl I ever saw. Plain girls somehow are apt to do more than pretty ones. Perhaps they don't look in the glass so much.

"Well, Martha grew up, and, as far as I know, she never had a beau. Girls not half so good as she was got married, and she made their dresses, but Martha staid single.

"She was neat and trim, and you'd have thought some one would have seen what a good wife she'd make; but the men think more of a pretty face than anything else. And I had made up my mind that Martha would never marry, when, in the middle of summer, Mr. Willard, a young widower, brought his little boy here to board. He came out himself every Saturday and staid over Sunday."

"Martha took to the little boy from the first. He was always with her, and I never knew how fond of children she was before; and I never heard her talk so much to anyone as she talked to Mr. Willard, mostly about the boy.

"She used to pour his coffee for him when he took an early breakfast of a Monday morning, and on Saturday I thought she looked down the road for the 'bus, as if she had an interest in it.

"Poor Martha! I used to think, if you were pretty, he might take a fancy to you; but he's not the man to marry a plain woman, even if he would give up style and fashion.

"But I saw that Martha had a heart in her bosom, like other women, and mine ached for her. And so it went on for two or three years. Every June the little boy was brought down, and he wrote to Martha in the winter, and she was so pleased to get the letters.

"This summer he came as usual, and stayed longer. The autumn was well over before his father spoke of taking him away; and old Mrs. Rapps, who finds out everything somehow, told us the child was likely to have a step-mother.

"Mr. Willard was paying some attention to a pretty young heiress, and she seemed to fancy him.

"Martha heard the talk. Next morning her eyes were red. She said she sewed too late. I knew she'd been crying; but I said nothing. What good does it ever do to talk?

"Well, Martha was going to make Miss Potter's wedding dress that day—to finish it—and she said she might be late. But it wasn't far to the Potters', and their Jim would come with a lantern and see her home.

"She kissed the little boy—Kenyon, his name was—half a dozen times before she went off, and told him to go to bed early that night.

"'I can't read to you to-night,' she said. 'It will be too late. Say your prayers and go to sleep.'

"The child promised, and she went off looking back after him. Her bedroom—the little creature slept with her—was in the wee, wing yonder, high up against the roof. That night a stupid girl I had put the boy to bed, and it seems he asked for a candle, and she left one lighted.

"I suppose the wind blew the curtain into the flame; but all events, while Isaac was in the stable feeding the horses, he saw a queer light and looked up. The house was on fire.

"You know what a fright fire puts people into. We lost our heads entirely. I remembered the child first; but when I got upstairs the hall was in flames, and I, in a muslin dress, could do nothing. I ran down, calling for a ladder. We had sent all ours to a neighbor who was painting. And while one ran one way and one another, we heard a scream, and saw Martha Hill come running up the road.

"'The child!' she cried.

"'There!' said I. 'And the stairs are on fire and the ladder gone.'

"She screamed no more. In a minute she had her gown off and stood in her woolen skirt, and then up she went—up the big wisteria vine that my father had planted fifteen years before to shade the porch, and that had grown big and strong, with branches like a tree, in that time.

"The zinc wire was strong, and the vine held. Martha was a light weight. Up she went! Up! up! up! We heard the little engine coming from the village, and the neighbors shouting; but she was in at the window before they came in sight.

"'She's gone to her death,' said I; but the next instant she was out again. The child was on her back, its arms about her neck, its head covered with a woolen shawl; and as she went up, so Martha came down again.

"We took her in our arms. The child was not hurt. The woolen wrap was scorched, that was all. But Martha's hair was singed, her woolen skirts in tinder, and her hands lacerated by the wires and splintered branches.

"'I've saved him,' she said, 'and I am willing to die.'

"And then she fainted.

"I put her into bed, and the doctor looked at her. He thought she would be very ill; but, somehow, she was not. Her burns were slight; and when they cut her hair, it curled up about her face, and looked prettier than the smooth bands she used to wear. And I sat down and wrote to Mr. Willard, telling him the story. He came down at once.

"She was sitting in the easy-chair in the parlor when he came; and he went in, holding little Kenyon by the hand. I did not follow. I sat here, and went on knitting.

"I don't know what they said; but in about an hour Mr. Willard came out. He led the child straight up to me.

"'Tell Mrs. Ashton, Kenyon,' he said quickly.

"And the little fellow threw his arm about my neck.

"'Martha is going to be my mamma,' he said.

"I looked at Mr. Willard, and he held out his hand.

"'I will try to make her happy,' he said kindly.

"They were married yesterday, and they are going away to-day. Here comes the 'bus."

The 'bus came. I sat opposite the young couple for many miles. Such a happy face as Martha's could not look plain, and I am sure her husband loved her.

THOUGHT.—When failure or disappointment, bereavement or misfortune overtake some people, though suffering as keenly and grieving as deeply as any, they do not refuse to look upon the brighter side of the cloud, they do not utterly lose heart and hope, they do not bury themselves in a selfish indulgence of sorrow, but rather strive to bury their sorrow in their own hearts, and rise with accumulated strength to the duties of the present, and the hopes of the future. And of these latter the most important is doing good. But one of the impediments to the good we might accomplish in the world lies in the habit of drawing sharp lines between our different relations in life. It is unquestionable that there are radical differences between the obligations we owe to ourselves, to our families, to our neighbors, to our intimate friends, to our business acquaintances, to society in general, to the poor and unfortunate; but they are differences much oftener magnified than overlooked. The same elements need infusing into all, in order to make either one a perfect relation, and the differences are rather those of degree than of kind.

WANAMAKER'S

There shouldn't be one who comes to this city without knowing that Wanamaker's is a resting and waiting and meeting place, as well as the biggest Dry Goods and General Store in the World.

Cream Sangller, 37½ cents from $1.50.
Black Sangller, 41 in., was 65c; now 25.
14 inch Black Wool Laces, 50c; were $1.
Table linen, 62 inch bleached damask, 35 cents.
Napkins to match, $1.10 a dozen.
All linen Handkerchiefs, children's size, 10c. dozen.
Ponson's Black Grosgrain Silks, $1.25 to $1.75.
Bonnet's Black Cachemire silks, $1.00 to $1.50.
"Westminster" Cachemire finish Black Grosgrain Silk, 75c.
Cashmere Shawls, drab, ecru, cardinal, blue, pink, and wine, from 75c; creams from $1.25.
Women's black lisle half-hose, 25 cents.
Men's colored lisle half-hose, 25 cents.

Send a letter for samples or goods, if you can't come to the Store yourself.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

A Cure For All

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. For severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

Radway's Ready Relief

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease so quickly as the Ready Relief.

It is pleasant to take as a tonic, anodyne or soothing lotion.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Cholera, Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness, quickly cure the patient.

Malaria in Its Various Forms, Fever and Ague.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTISING WITH R. R. R.
MONTAGUE, TEX.

Dr. Radway & Co.:
I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.
THOS. J. JONES.

Mr. JOHN MORTON, of Verplanck Point, N. Y., proprietor of the Hudson River Brick Manufacturing Co., says that he prevents and cures attacks of chills and fever in his family and among the men in his employ by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF and PILLS. Also the men in Mr. Frost's brickyard, at the same place, rely entirely on the R. R. R. for the cure and prevention of Malaria.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, and your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. It possesses wonderful power in curing all forms of scrofulous and erruptive diseases, syphiloid ulcers, tumors, sores, enlarged glands, &c., rapidly and permanently. Dr. Randolph McIndre, of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, says: "I completely and marvelously cured a victim of Scrofula in its last stage by following your advice given in your little treatise on that disease."

Joseph Bushell, of Dennison Mills, Quebec, was "completely cured by two bottles of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT of an old sore on the leg."

J. F. Trunnel, South St. Louis, Mo., "was cured of a bad case of Scrofula after having been given up as incurable."

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. All druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

PRICE, 25c PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

"A FINE, SURE MEDICINE."

RADWAY & CO.—*Gentlemen:* Your Pills have often warded off sickness in my family. I never think it safe to be without them; they are a fine, sure medicine. Most respectfully yours,
HENRY KENSWORTH.
CHEHANER, Iroquois Co., Illinois.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,
DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK.
DORAVILLE, GA.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a sure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THE FARMER.

Once on a time he used to plough
And rise at dawn to milk the cough
And drive with merry song and laugh
To pasture Brindle and her caugh.

Then for the pigs he'd fill the trough
And to the market he'd be ough;
Sometimes his mare would bruise her hough
Against a fance post or a cough.

And then he'd switch her with a bough
And teach her better anyhough;
He planted wheat to make the dough
Which, in a drought, was hard to grough.

Sometimes he'd hunt along the clough
For birds that did not live there nough,
And shoot a sea-gull or a chough
Which he with joy would gladly stough.

From swamp-land watered by a lough
He'd make good pasture for his stough,
By laying here and there a sough,
While perspiration wet his brough.

Sometimes a snake that shed its slough
Would make him wildly run and pough,
Till stuck knee-deep within a slough
He'd yell until he raised a rough.

But rough work makes the farmer enough;
And, careless how the people scough,
He takes in lodgers rough and tough
Whough vough theigh dough not eat enough.

U. S. NOSE.

A stowaway—The glutton

Lost at sea—The sight of land.

Popular country seat—A stump.

A cold chisel—The iceman's bill.

Always to the point—A marine compass.

A hot ball is not to be particularly dreaded if a man is hungry and it is a fish ball.

A down-east summer hotelkeeper has been robbed. Now he knows how it is himself.

If you happen to see a small boy chasing a bumble-bee you will know when he yells that he has caught it.

The most economical man has been heard from. He tried to pawn a coat of tar and feathers, the gift of his neighbors.

"Humph!" grumbled the clock, "I don't know of any one who is harder worked than I am—24 hours a day, year in and year out." And then it struck.

Tommy: "Pa, when I grow up to be a man I am going to get married." Mr. Henpeck: "Perhaps you will die, Tommy, before you come of age. Let's try and look on the bright side of things."

The latest estimate on the sun's temperature at the surface is from 40,000° to 100,000° centigrade, while near the centre the temperature may easily be from 10,000,000° to 20,000,000°. Well, is this hot enough for you?

Violent rainstorm—crowded street car—handsome lady and gentleman on platform.—Gentleman, to those inside: "Can you squeeze a lady in there?" Chorus of male voices: "Yes, certainly!" Lady goes in—gets squeezed.

She: "Forgive me, dear, but I've kept something from you—I did not tell you I didn't know how to cook!" He: "Oh, never mind, darling; don't cry about that, for you'll have but little cooking to do—I am a poet."

"Ma," said Bobby, "have I been a good boy to-day?" "Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you." "Well, will you do me a favor, ma?" "If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?" "Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

Lovers are prone to self-depreciation. Said he, tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars: "I do not understand what you can see in me that you love me." "That's what everybody says!" gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.

"Would you belive it," she gurgled, "while I was bathing in the sea the other morning a nasty crab fastened itself on my toe." "Quite an intelligent crab, I should think," her lover replied. "Intelligent! Why do you think so?" "Because it knew how to catch on to a nice thing." Then she blushed, and when he attempted to take a kiss she made scarcely any resistance.

A French rogue of the first water is the terror of his village, and consequently execrated by all; so he decides to emigrate. But before leaving he bethinks himself that a letter of recommendation from the townspeople might be useful to him on his travels. Glad to get rid of him, they nearly all sign the certificate. "I really had no idea I was so much liked," said he; "so I guess I will stay here, then."

Great traveler: "The most interesting country in the world is China." Lady: "I suppose so. I have read that Confucius taught that the greatest of all virtues was veneration for age." "Yes. By the way, what do you suppose they swear witnesses by in Chinese courts?" "The book of Confucius, I should imagine." "No; they swear witnesses by a chicken." "Oh, yes, I see—a boarding-house chicken."

A careless man while at work the other day dropped a brick from the second story of the building upon which he was engaged. Leaning over the wall he discovered a well-dressed gentleman with his hat crushed over eyes and ears and engaged in a desperate effort to extricate his head from its battered covering. "Did that brick strike any one down there?" the man inquired, his voice quivering with apprehension. The afflicted citizen who had just removed the dismantled cranial adornment, replied, with considerable wrath: "Yes, sir; it hit me." "That's right!" came the cool and exasperating response. "I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than to have had you tell me a lie about it."

HOW PRICES ARE AND WERE.—The following table will show the market price of some of the necessaries of life in the month of August in the years mentioned:

AUGUST, 1857.

Sugar, 10 to 14 cents per pound.
Coffee, 11½ to 17 cents per pound.
Flour, $5.75 to $6.50 per barrel.
Butter, 16½ to 17 cents per pound.
Tea, 50 to 80 cents per pound.
Lard, 16½ cents per pound.
Potatoes, 37 cents per bushel.
Eggs, 8 to 10 cents per dozen.

AUGUST, 1867.

Sugar, 12 to 14 cents per pound.
Coffee, 26 to 40 cents per pound.
Flour, $10.50 to $13 per barrel.
Butter, 17 to 24 cents per pound.
Tea, 50 to 80 cents per pound.
Lard, 16½ cents per pound.
Potatoes, 55 cents per bushel.
Eggs, 10 cents per dozen.

AUGUST, 1877.

Sugar, 9 to 11½ cents per pound.
Coffee, 25 to 30 cents per pound.
Flour, $6.75 to $8 per barrel.
Butter, 18 to 21 cents per pound.
Tea, 90 cents to $1.50 per pound.
Lard, 8½ to 9¾ cents per pound.
Potatoes, 45 cents per bushel.
Eggs, 12½ cents per dozen.

AUGUST, 1887.

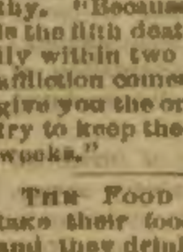
Sugar, 4¾ to 6¼ cents per pound.
Coffee, 20 to 28 cents per pound.
Flour, $3.75 to $4.50 per barrel.
Butter, 20 to 25 cents per pound.
Tea, 50 to 80 cents per pound.
Lard, 7 to 7¾ cents per pound.
Potatoes, 90 cents to $1 per bushel.
Eggs, 15 to 16 cents per dozen.

WHICH IS RIGHT?—It happened that one evening Ethel's mamma let the nursery instead of Minna, the German maid. "What makes the light come, mamma?" queried the child with the air of one who knew already, but wished to test her parent's knowledge. "Why," explained mamma, very vaguely, "it is air that burns. It is shut up in a pipe, and when we turn the knob it rushes out and we light it with a match." "I thought you didn't know," the little one remarked, "for you would be more afraid of it. I know all about it. Minna told me. A dragon lives in that pipe, and his tongue is made out of burning fire. He is a friend of Minna's, and when she turns the knob, he just sticks out the tip of his tongue and makes us a nice little light. But then he hates children, and if Bobby or I should turn the knob he would rush right out in this room and eat us all up in a minute. This is true, because Minna told me." The small narrator relapsed into satisfied silence, and her truth-loving mamma fell to wondering which was really better—her own lame attempt at a scientific explanation, or the highly colored fiction of German Minna, which, while an absolute falsehood, appealed at once to the vivid imagination of the child, and effectually prevented her pursuing any personal investigation of the gas.

AN UNHEALTHY FAMILY.—There is a rule in the government departments at Washington that no money shall be paid to employes except on stated days of the month, unless on account of death in the family or resignation. The other day a messenger went to one of the chiefs of a division and asked him to give him an order for five dollars, because he had a death in the family. "Let me see," said the chief—"how many are left in your family now?" "Only two," replied the old messenger—"me and my old woman." "Yes," said the chief, "I am sorry for you; you have had an awful lot of trouble in your family, but I am glad they are nearly all dead now." "Why?" asked the old messenger rather surprised at the chief clerk's lack of sympathy. "Because," replied the chief, "this is the fifth death you have had in your family within two months, and when so much affliction comes on one man it's hard. I'll give you the order for five dollars, but do try to keep the old woman alive for a few weeks."

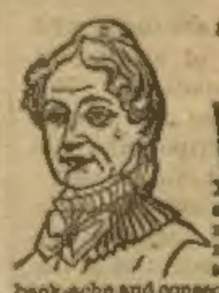
THE FOOD OF SWALLOWS.—Swallows take their food exclusively from the air, and they drink when flying. This, so far as is known to naturalists, cannot be said of any other bird. Various species of gnats and ephemera constitute the food of swallows upon their arrival in this country; but, as summer advances, winged beetles are also greedily taken. So rapidly does the bird capture these that, after it has been on the wing but a few moments, it has accumulated sufficient to form a pellet as large as an ordinary rifle-bullet.

By discovering his prevailing deficiencies, and ordering his life and habits so as to counteract them, a man may exercise that true self-control which is alone worthy of the name. No wiser or more valuable lesson can be learned in the whole system of education than thus to know self and to minister to its deepest needs.



HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes.
$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5.
Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

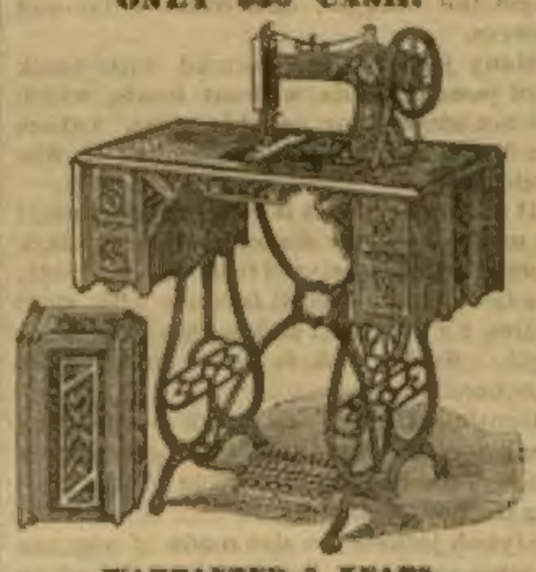
Agents make $5 a day with Plush Cheapest in U. S. Particulars free. FOSTER & MANN, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Has stood the test of twenty years as a Remedy for Female Diseases, relieving periodical pains, promoting a healthful regularity of seasons and curing weakness, back-ache and consequent nervous distress.
☞ IS PURPOSES SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN. IT IS PROMPT IN ACTION.
SEE WHAT ONE WOMAN SAYS OF ITS MERITS.
Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 5th, 1883. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "As is frequently the case with mothers who have reared large families, I have been a great sufferer for years from complaints incident to married life. I have tried the skill of a number of physicians and the virtue of many medicines without relief, and as an experiment I concluded to try yours. I can assure you that the benefits I have derived from it came not because of any faith I had in it, for I had but slight hope of any permanent good. I am not a seeker after notoriety but *I want to tell you that I have been wonderfully benefitted by your medicine.* I am now using my fourth bottle and it would take but little argument to persuade me that my health is *fully restored.* I should like to widely circulate the fact of its wonderful curative powers." PHEBA C. ROOF.
THE NEAREST DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU. PRICE $1.00.

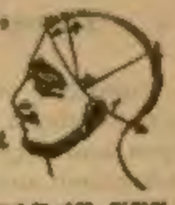
THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!
PHÉNOL SODIQUE.
Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Philad'a.
EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving* pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.
Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*
INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.
In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZENA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*
For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread* of CONTAGION, it is the *best* DISINFECTANT known.
For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

High Arm Phila. Singer.
ONLY $30 CASH.



WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
Has self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, is light running, has the handsomest wood work and finest extra attachments. Don't pay agents $45 and $60, but send for circular,
THE C. A. WOOD COMPANY,
17 NORTH TENTH ST., PHILA., PA.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

WOOD'S
LADIES
GOLD METAL
BLACKING
A HARMLESS SHOE DRESSING.
Gold Medal received for superiority over all other dressings. Will not crack or harden the leather. Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. 25c. Your Shoe Dealer has it.

YOUR Name printed on 25 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co Clintonville, Ct

Agents Wanted for PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Good Pay. A. Gorton & Co., Philada., Pa.

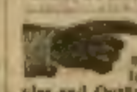
500 Scrap Pictures, Games, &c., and book of Sample Cards only 2cts. Star Card Co., Station 14, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 842 B'way, N. Y.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

CURE FOR THE DEAF
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indifferency. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.



A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able so do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Questions come pouring in from those who distrust the evidence of their own eyes, and only form opinions on those of recognized authorities, or from those who live in retired provincial towns, where the fashions are not to be relied upon.

The greater part of these questions touch on the important tournure and crinoline question. Are tournures still worn? Are they larger or smaller than of yore? Are crinolines coming in?

In answer we may say there are two distinct classes in Paris with regards to skirts, the one favoring the flowing, clinging skirts a la Sarah Bernhardt, totally without support except for a quite small cushion below the waist; the other affecting frou-frou skirts, supported with three or four wide steels, and a triple balayeuse of taffetas.

For walking and promenade purposes it is considered vulgar in the extreme to dress oneself richly, as if for visiting or important ceremonies.

In woolen dresses, plaid holds the first place, plaid of silky surface and soft texture, the coloring arranged in the most harmonious fashion.

Chequered materials with red, ecru, or heliotrope ground, are much worn, whether of cotton or woolen, trimmed with ecru embroidery.

Mousseline de laine of very soft, fine texture, as light as batiste, is a favorite material, especially in red or heliotrope fancifully chequered with white.

The tailor style reigns supreme for plaid toilettes, which have generally a jacket of plain vigogne or woolen armure matching the prevailing tint of the plaid.

A skirt of plaid has a navy ground widely chequered with ecru and red, narrower lines of green running athwart all the colors. The plaid skirt has a panel of navy vigogne on the right formed by two pleats to which the skirt is secured by large blue buttons. The plaid tablier is long and pointed, and is richly draped, the back drapery being very long and full.

The corsage is of navy armure, open over a draped plaid plastron. On the right front is a pointed navy revers secured by smaller blue buttons than those on the skirt, and finished in the front point of the corsage, the draped plastron hooking over on the left front. The collar is blue, but the paraments are of plaid secured by blue buttons. A draped toque of red surah matching the red chequers completes a very stylish walking dress. The en-tout-cas is shot-red and navy silk, with red faille bow on the bamboo handle.

The reign of foulards even surpasses that of thin plaid woolens—foulards of every color, plaid, chequered, spotted, flowered, striped, etc.

The foulard costume holds a medium place between the elegant but plain walking dress, and the dressy driving or visiting costume of silk, lace, or elaborate washing or fancy fabrics; it can be used also for either purpose.

Silk fabrics are regaining all the popularity they have lost of late years in favor of washing and woolen costumes. However, chequered and plaid mousseline de laines kept them still in the shade to a certain extent.

The mousseline de laines are as drapable as foulards, and are far cooler, rivaling batiste and muslin in this respect. Moire is a favorite method of trimming them, either plastron, collar, and paraments of moire, or merely bands and bows of moire ribbon with picot edge.

A costume for driving or visiting has a skirt of white cashmere, of which nothing is visible but a panel on the left embroidered with ivy-colored scrolls in silk. The draped tunic conceals the rest of the skirt, made of ivy foulard edged all around and up the panel with a band of ivy moire. The ivy corsage has a point in front, and pleat habit basques at the back, the plastron being white, embroidered with ivy like the skirt. The collar and paraments are also of the embroidered material.

Equally elegant is a toilette of thick gray surah chequered with red and blue threads. The skirt is pleated and is draped with a scarf of gray sicilienne, the ends falling on the left tipped with passementerie tassel.

The corsage is covered with a jacket of thin gray armure cloth edged with black mohair braid; the fronts are open to show the sicilienne plastron of the corsage beneath, which is held at the waist with a band of passementerie. The jacket fastens at the neck with a clasp.

In woolen costumes there is a marked tendency to make the corsage of different color and material to the entire skirt, as in plaid costumes; but the style goes farther than this, and many dresses are made with tunic and corsage, or jacket of one fabric, the skirt being of another material. This last style is specially adopted for striped materials—the skirt being striped, the corsage and tunic being plain or chequered.

In foulard costumes the skirt is often chosen printed in a totally different pattern to that of corsage and tunic, but of the same colors.

The prevalence of foulards has been the salvation of French silk merchants and manufacturers, and their success, coupled with the rising prestige of richer silks, has reopened or revived the closing or sinking silk manufactories of Lyons.

At the sea-side serge is again the piece de resistance, serge trimmed with woolen braid. A large quantity of stylish jackets in cloths of all varieties were in process of preparation for the same goal.

At the sea-side, even in the warmest weather, the temperature is apt to be low, or at any rate the fresh ocean breezes temper the sun's heat to such an extent that, except at noon and thereabouts, the atmosphere is apt to be downright chilly.

Jackets of plain cloth are always elaborately trimmed, especially those of gray cloth. A jacket for half-mourning is of mouse-gray cloth, the edge trimmed with black mohair braid two inches wide. It is hooked in front. Bands of braid form V shaped straps in front of varying width—narrow at the waist and swelling out towards the neck. Three straps ornament the back, the centre one being longer than the other two. Each of these straps is outlined with a filigree pattern in very fine braid arranged in small loops.

A second model is of pistache-green cloth trimmed with rich Renaissance embroidery in passementerie of many colors mixed with gold and silver braid nearly three inches wide. It ornaments the fronts, edges the basques, and trims collar and sleeves.

Many jackets are trimmed with black cord passementerie without beads, which are not adopted for sea-side wear. Others are finely worked with arabesques in fine braid.

If a simpler jacket is required, it should be made of coarser diagonal cloth in dark blue or black, or else of thin armure cloth, the last being a special favorite with stout ladies, for it is light and supple like jersey cloth. Such jackets are lined with chequered surah.

Gentlemen in Paris have been using armure cloth for their evening suits in place of the heavier superfine cloths during the hotter months.

Stylish jackets are also made of vigogne or serge to match the costume, in which case it is of little use as a general pardessus; so it cannot be recommended to ladies of an economical turn of mind.

How old fashions are constantly cropping up again! Ladies will remember the stylish gauged or pleated pelisse of a few years back; a pelisse now again coming into favor. But to reassure lovers of novelty we hasten to say that the pelisse has not come forward exactly revivified. There are points about it which lay claim to novelty. For instance, it draws all its distinction (and novelty from the fabrics of which it is made, materials which were not employed in its previous reign. It is being made principally of lace, but it is also seen in faille, surah, and bengaline of some quiet color, especially in brown, from seal to pale golden-browns; grays are also fashionable—iron-gray, mouse-gray, fawn, blue-gray, etc., also navy blue.

In lace black is employed either over a colored or black lining, the last being far the more elegant of the two. The fronts are gauged at neck and waist where the fulness is restrained by bands of fine silk passementerie tied together with rich cord tipped with tag-ends. The back is either full or plain with pleated skirt only. The collar is wide and upright. The sleeves can either be tight jacket sleeves reaching a little below the elbow, or full hanging sleeves a la religieuse. There is, as a rule, no other trimming but that at waist and neck above described. But the lining must be elegant, either plaid silk or plain surah of some novel but pale color. This pelisse suits tall and short figures, and has the knack of apparently increasing a too slender figure and diminishing those moderately stout.

Odds and Ends.

SOME NOVEL DECORATIONS.

Many of the newest brocades designed for wall hangings, curtains, chair covers, etc., bear so close a resemblance both in softness of color and richness of texture to the silks worn by court ladies in the sixteenth century, that it is difficult to believe that they do not spring from the same source.

The designs complete the illusion, and are in many instances close copies of specimens which are survivals of that date. They present conventional roses, tulips, carnations and lilies upon foundations of tender greens, fawns, and grays. Instead, however, of being handed down from French looms, they are the modern productions of Spitalfields.

Old English brocade, with arabesque designs embossed in silver and gold, is obtained in like manner; so are the old silks of Venice, and those of Louis XIV, with their stripings of knotted ribbons and bows, broken by garlands and bouquets of flowers in the old rose, soft pinks, and blues associated with Watteau's paint brush.

Also for wall hangings and curtains are some of the bolder outlines described in frise and velvet on foundations of satin, but as even window hangings alone, when supplied in this fabric, run into four arithmetical figures, the demand for such silk as this will be naturally limited.

Rooms upholstered in cretonne will commend themselves to a more general public, while the practice of letting the wall covering match that of the furniture is gaining favor.

When covering a room in cretonne, join the breadths of the latter by panels or beadings of wood. These remove as easily as stair-rods, and, by enabling the hangings to be taken down, brushed and cleaned, render their fresh looks quite as durable, or more so, than paper. Persons, however, who prefer the latter can now have it supplied in so close a similitude, both of silk and cotton as to be difficult of detection.

The ceilings of rooms thus decorated are usually seen in light traceries and figures, the moulds for which are obtained from antique models.

For the walls of dining-rooms and libraries, repousse leather is being much adopted; and the massive designs in which this is shown accord better with the solid style of furniture appertaining to these rooms.

The present tendency is to let both mantels and sideboards be supplied in diminished size. The shelf of the one and top of the other thus afford space for a very limited quantity of china, and offer no temptation to overload them with the miscellaneous inferior specimens which many persons have been tempted to acquire for the sake of display.

Amateur collectors of old furniture have had their numbers considerably lessened by the successful deceptions that have been practiced on them, and now a reaction is marked by the inclination to purchase modern furniture copied from the models of a century or two ago.

The modern workman is afforded every facility for bringing marqueterie to the utmost perfection; and this, with the most careful carving and engraving is now effected, and the furniture represented in it finished with close attention to details.

The old French deux-a-deux sofas, covered with brocade, are appearing in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, so are those Italian stools which, by providing a seat both ways, first won popularity in private picture galleries. It is the fashion to cover these with a fringed scarf of antique-looking tapestry, due to another adaptation of a past age, and apparently disassociated with upholstery.

The conversion of one piece of furniture to two purposes is now frequently apparent. A card-table reversed provides a chess board. A cabinet, which offers brackets in readiness for china, has a hidden desk which draws out, and discloses at the same moment a series of pigeon-holes, and every writing requisite, while the whole disappears by means of one slight movement, and can be locked away with a single key.

A turn given to the revolving top of some of the small round tables will cause four partitions to shoot out and present implements for needlework.

The carved latticework, which conceals from the outer world the presence of Mahometan women at their windows, is now being sought after by Europeans, both for decorative panels and furniture.

The wood carving of the Arabs, which is in a fine style, is also in demand, and examples are likewise to be found of their furniture, which is certainly more massive and serviceable-looking than beautiful.

"You have a lively set of clerks," he said to the proprietor of the establishment. "It must be pleasant and profitable to have employes so full of energy and vim." "Yes," responded the proprietor, "we close early to-day and they are getting ready to go home."

Confidential Correspondents.

PETO.—"That was my sheet anchor" means my best hope, my last refuge. The sheet anchor is the largest anchor of a ship, which in stress of weather is the sailor's chief dependence.

M. F.—Is the girl worth the trouble your friend seems inclined to take about her? If she could not be true to him during a fortnight's absence before marriage, what guarantee could he have for her conduct after?

LIGHTOLLER.—To perfume tobacco it is only necessary to sprinkle it with any ordinary scent. If you put one or two Tonquin beans with your tobacco, and allow them to stay for a day or two, they will impart to it a pleasant perfume.

WOODMAN.—It is not an uncommon thing for young men at your age—twenty-three—to turn gray. There are a variety of causes to account for it; but short of a hair-dye, which is not in our line, we do not know that anything can be done to restore it to its pristine color.

TEST.—Each Congressional district and Territory is entitled to have one cadet at West Point, the cadet to be named by the Representative in Congress. There are also ten appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 311.

W. G. E.—The "colophon" of a book is the portion at the end containing the name and address of the printer. In former times the date and the edition were given as well. Colophon was a city of Ionia, the inhabitants of which were such excellent horsemen that they could sometimes turn the scale of battle; hence the Greek proverb, to add a colophon, meant to put a finishing stroke to an affair.

W. J. AND C. H. L.—There is no virtue whatever in the remedy you mention for strengthening the eyes. Where the optical apparatus is at fault, glasses and glasses only are of any avail. It is only in the case of affections of the coats or membranes of the eye that lotions and washes are of service. You had better have a proper pair of spectacles made for use out-of-doors. You will hardly be able to do without them.

J. D.—The instincts of the human race, as well as of society, are against you on the question proposed. No woman can make an offer of marriage to a man, even if "she is convinced he loves and wants to marry her," without exciting a feeling of disgust in the breast of everyone who becomes aware of her conduct, not even excepting that of her lover. Nature's eternal fiat has unalterably fixed the relations of the sexes as to such matters.

IDA W.—It is exceedingly unfortunate for a man to imagine that he has "married beneath him," and still more unfortunate for him to allow others to perceive that he thinks so. Such conduct in a husband would be dishonorable towards his wife, and the man who is capable of it must be badly tainted with snobbery. The wife, in such a case, would of course be subjected to many slights which a decent husband would not have suffered to be put upon her.

NELSON.—The theory of the "best man" is that the occasion is so trying a one for the bridegroom that it is only fair and human to relieve him of all the worry of making arrangements. This will enable you to see what it is that the best man has to do. To put it more concisely, he has to do everything except marry the bride. In replying for the bridesmaids, your aim must be to be as funny as you can, without making the company miserable, and, above all, to be brief.

NAP.—Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena, where he had been kept a captive by the British Government since 1815, on the 5th day of May, 1821. 2. Napoleon II., was the son of the Emperor Napoleon and of Maria Louisa of Austria. He was born in Paris on March 20, 1811, and from birth was styled the King of Rome. On his father's abdication in 1814 he went to Austria with his mother, where he was known by the name of Duke of Reichstadt. He died at the early age of twenty-one at the palace of Schoenbrunn, of consumption, on July, 22, 1832.

M. A. T.—By "Pointed" architecture is meant the style in which the arch is not round-headed, as in Classical and Norman architecture, but comes up to a point at the apex. The term "Gothic" was used by writers of the seventeenth century to indicate their sense of the barbarous character of the Pointed style, and not because the Goths ever had anything to do with it. On this subject there has been a complete revolution of opinion, it being now agreed on all hands that for ecclesiastical buildings Gothic is immeasurably superior to Classic or pseudo-Classic architecture.

IGNORO.—The subject of Auber's opera, Masaniello, is an incident of Neapolitan history. In 1647, Thomas Aniello, a fisherman of that city, whose deaf-and-dumb sister, Fenella, had been deceived by the son of the reigning Duke, raised an insurrection against the Duke, which was successful. He was elected chief magistrate by his enthusiastic followers, but, intoxicated by his greatness, was very soon shot by the mob, and his dead body flung into a ditch. Next day, however, it was taken out and interred with much pomp. When Fenella heard of her brother's death she threw herself into the crater of Vesuvius.

G. H. S.—President George Washington was a surveyor, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison were lawyers; James Monroe was a soldier before becoming a statesman, serving in the Revolutionary army as a captain before he was of age; John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren were lawyers; William H. Harrison was a soldier; John Tyler and James K. Polk were lawyers; Zachary Taylor was a soldier; Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln were lawyers; Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Ulysses S. Grant was a soldier; R. B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur and Grover Cleveland were lawyers.

W. R. JOHNSON.—Wedgwood ware is a superior kind of semi-vitrified pottery, without much glaze, but on the other hand it can be ornamented in all kinds of patterns by means of metallic oxides and ochres. It gained its great fame from the very fine imitation of old Etruscan and other vases that are capable of being made to it. It derives its name from Josiah Wedgwood, its first maker, a native of Burslem, Eng., who lived during the last century, and was the means, through his indomitable perseverance and assiduous labor, of greatly improving English pottery and making it an important branch of English commerce. All wares manufactured by Josiah Wedgwood are marked, and are now of great value.